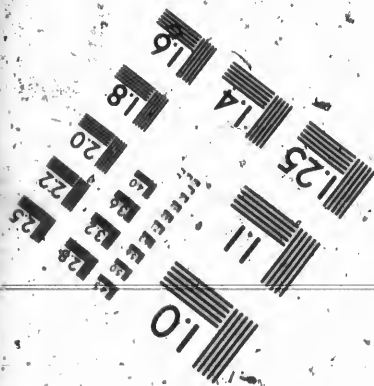
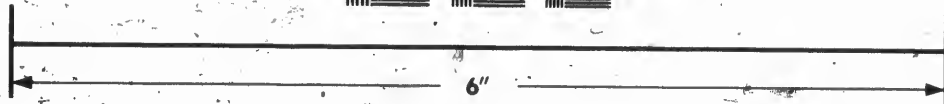
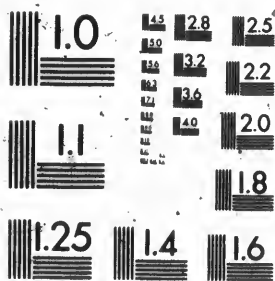


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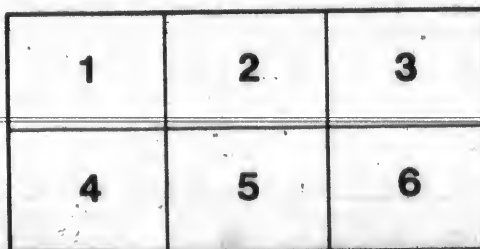
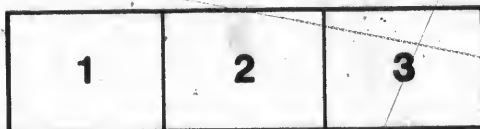
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THE LIFE OF COLONEL,

THE LATE

Honorable Thomas Talbot,

EMBRACING THE

RISE AND PROGRESS

OF THE COUNTIES OF

NORFOLK, ELGIN, MIDDLESEX, KENT AND ESSEX, &C.

BY

L. C. KEARNEY, PHILOMATH.

*of the "Canadian Freeman" (p. 28)*



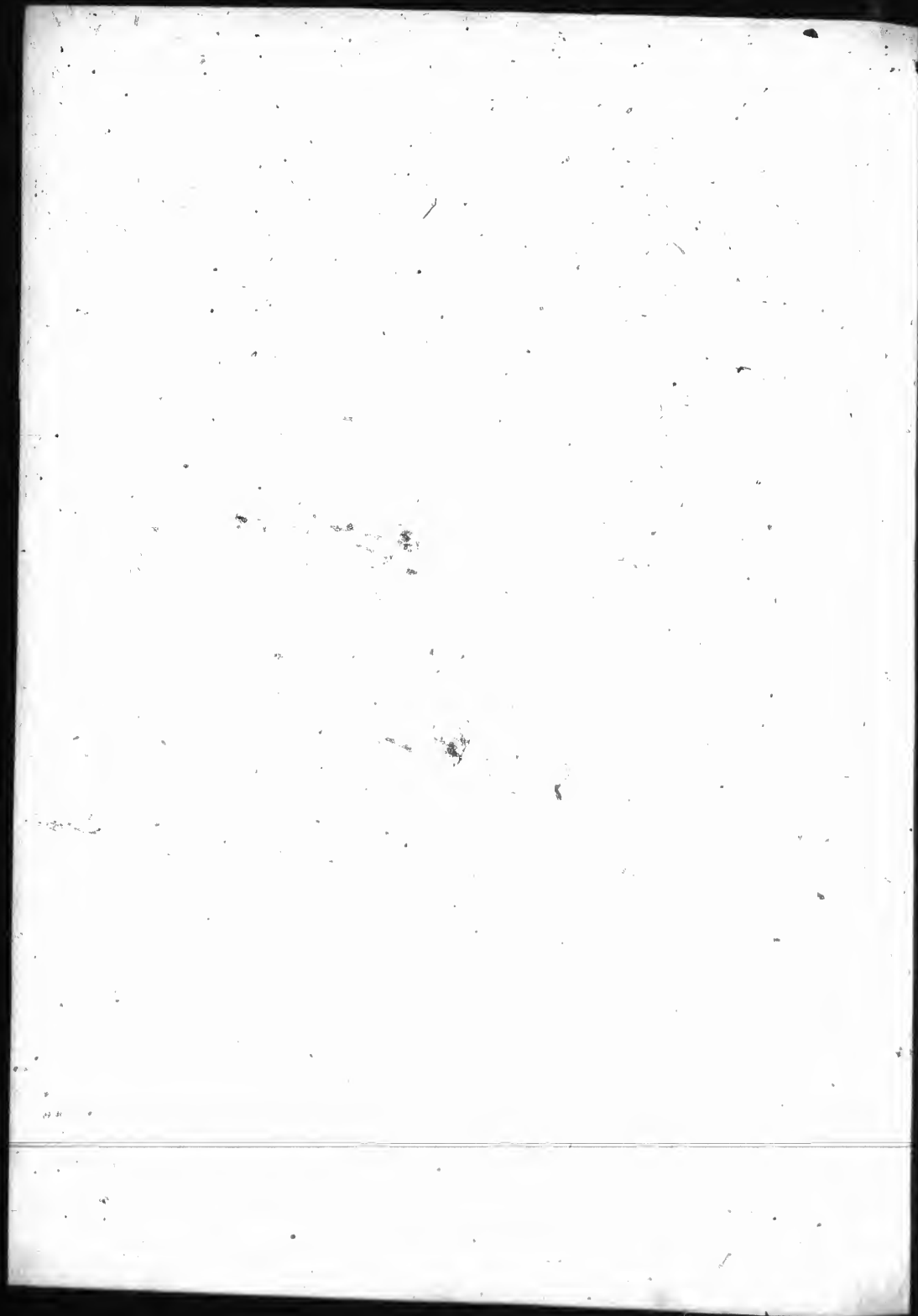
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## DEDICATION.

TO THE WARDEN, REEVES, AND DEPUTY REEVES OF THE COUNTY OF ELGIN.

MY DEAR AND RESPECTED FRIENDS:—It is justly said that ingratitude is so base a crime, that no wretch, however lost to virtue and truth, was ever found to plead guilty to the damning accusation. What, then, must be my feelings when you, the chosen Representatives of the independent yeomanry of the noble and fertile County of Elgin, unanimously deemed it prudent to present me with the sum of Five Pounds currency, to assist in the publication of the life of Colonel, the Honorable Thomas Talbot, embracing a synopsis of the rise and progress of the several Towns and Villages of Elgin, Kent and Middlesex? True it is that the sum is small in itself, being no more than a small fraction to each ratepayer in the County; but then the satisfaction to be recognized by so patriotic a body of gentlemen—many of whom would do credit to the Legislative Assembly of United Canada—can be only properly appreciated by an individual who has the happiness of knowing the personal integrity and sterling worth of the Warden, Reeves, and Deputy Reeves of the County of Elgin; as well as the heartfelt satisfaction of reckoning them in the category of his friends and fellow-subjects.

Once more I pray your acceptance of the following pages in the same spirit of friendship which prompts the author to put them under your fostering protection; believing, as he does, that although falling far short of the ability they should possess, still there can be culled some grateful reminiscences, that may bring to mind the hardships and ultimate triumph of our early settlers, whilst felling our interminable forests; and further awakening the affection due to them from their sons and daughters, who now enjoy all the luxuries and comforts peculiar to this happy and prosperous section of Western Canada.

And should fell discord e'er prevail,  
Or in his meshes dare oppress ye;  
May conspicuous rectitude assail  
The knave that would not cry—"God  
bless ye!"

When battling for your country's weal,  
May every patriot caress ye;  
And fann'd by fortune's far'ring gale,  
Each British heart sing out—"God bless  
ye."

May domestic bliss attend your hearth,  
And Hymen's choicest gifts caress ye;  
The joy of joys of mother Earth  
Is wife and babes to cry—"God bless ye."

I wish you other blessings I can't name,  
With which immortality can dress ye;  
Whilst angels respond to the general theme,  
"Cead milla faulkha," and God bless ye.

Whilst I have the honor to remain, during my sojourn in this nether planet, with high respect and esteem, Yours faithfully and gratefully,

L. C. KEARNEY.

St. THOMAS, 1st January, 1856.

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## PREFACE.

The preface to any work is a modest sort of introduction on the part of the Author to the kind and indulgent reader; giving his reasons, and the cause that induced him to such an undertaking. As regards the latter, it is a personal affair of his own, and which he wishes to bury in oblivion. With reference to the former, it may in some way perpetuate the memory of a countryman, who, with all his faults, and under the most untoward circumstances, aided so materially in the settlement of the surrounding Counties. The Author, through principle as well as inclination, is a Radical Reformer of the "Baldwin School," although he has eschewed politics in his present undertaking, being convinced that an impartial historian should belong to no party. However, in the language of the poet,—"*England, with all thy faults I love thee still!*" but Canada, my adopted country, much better, whose faults are few, and where health, peace and plenty fill every dwelling, from the log cabin of the poor emigrant to the princely mansion of the old and wealthy settler.

It often becomes the duty of Authors to thank acquaintances for favors received during the prosecution of their undertaking; but that best bow is still our own, having only once jeopardized it, by requesting the perusal of an unpublished manuscript purporting to be the Lite of the Honorable Colonel Talbot. The privilege was denied us, and that by an individual who sheds little glory on his adopted country, as a soldier, Legislator, or public-spirited citizen. However, the hoary-headed curmudgeon may hug to his bosom the ravings of his narrow, contracted brain, till he and they be consigned to "the tomb of all the capulets,"—unpublished and unsung.

St. Thomas, 1st January, 1856.

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### STRAY SKETCHES FROM COL. THE HON. T. TALBOT.

"When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast  
Loved,

Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;  
Or, if from their slumbers the veil be removed,  
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again."

The subject of these memoirs, so recently called to his account, was an Irishman-by birth and education, and possessed many of the ennobling characteristics peculiar to the sons of the land of "shamrock, hospitality and song," with ever and anon a dash of eccentricity of character, that could not fail to wring a smile from a high priest of Jupiter. Descended from a noble Irish family on the paternal side, he was not less ignoble on that of his moth-

er's, whose maiden name was O'Reilly, a lineal descendent of the Prince's of Innisfail, a Catholic family of distinction. The subject of these sketches was a great grandson of the gallant Colonel Talbot, who, with General Sarsfield, Colonels Dorrington and O'Neil figured so conspicuously on the plains of Aughrim in defence of their dethroned Sovereign, the pusillanimous "Shamus——"

Colonel Talbot was born on the paternal estate in the year 1770, and after a preliminary course of common education, was sent to the University of Trinity College, Dublin;—where, after a couple of

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year's residence in that seat of learning, he gladly exchanged his Cicero, Homer, and College cloak and cap, to don the sword and sash; upon receiving a commission in the 59th Regiment of Foot—in which corps he advanced to the command of a company, and which he ever afterwards remembered as among the most happy days of his chequered and eventful life.

In 1782 Captain Thomas Talbot accompanied General John Graves Simcoe to Upper Canada, in the capacity of aide-de-camp to the first Lieutenant Governor, after the successful American revolution, 1776. The new representative of Geo. the 3rd, at the opening of the first Western Canadian Legislature, declared from the Throne, "that it was not a mutilated one, but a constitution that stood the test of experience, and which was an exact image and transcript of that of Great Britain." How far the prediction of the illustrious Simcoe was verified, let the 'family compact' and the days of '37 bear ample testimony; whilst the men of '57 can look back with proud satisfaction to the old Reformers, who grappled with every difficulty and danger for the attainment of public improvement and constitutional Government, blessings that now present themselves in every section of this delightful Province, the granary of America.

After the termination of General Simcoe's administration of Upper Canada in 1789, Colonel Talbot returned to Europe in order to commit matrimony; but his dulcinea had jilted him, or, in language more terrific to a Canadian youth, "she gave him the mitten." He, then young, and a beautiful sample of manhood at that, retraced his steps to Canada once more, waging an eternal war against all Eve's

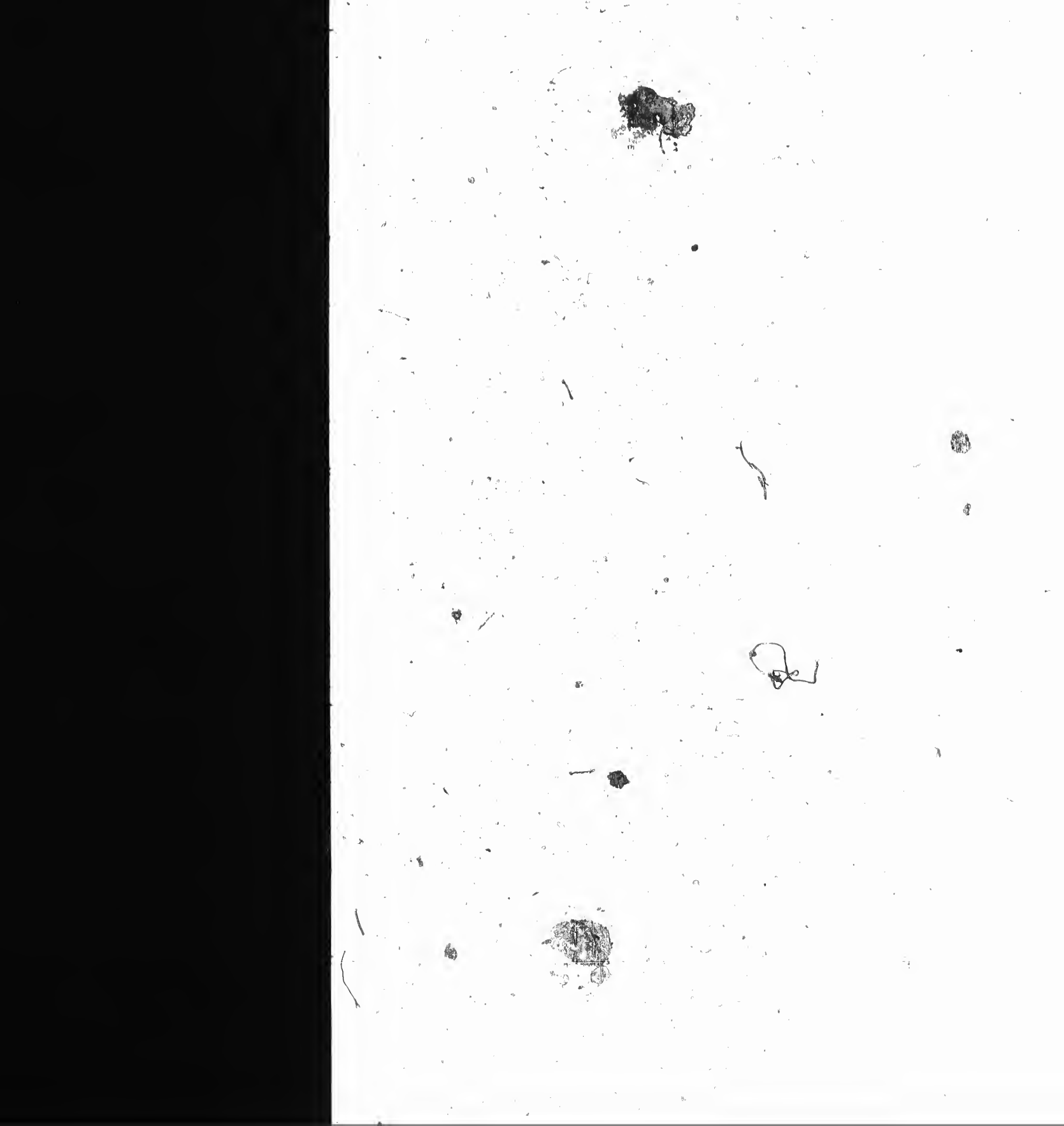
fair daughters, and buried himself in the Township of Dunwich, where the Eagle, the immortal bird of Washington, could scream his unrequited love to Lake Erie, the forest and the skies.

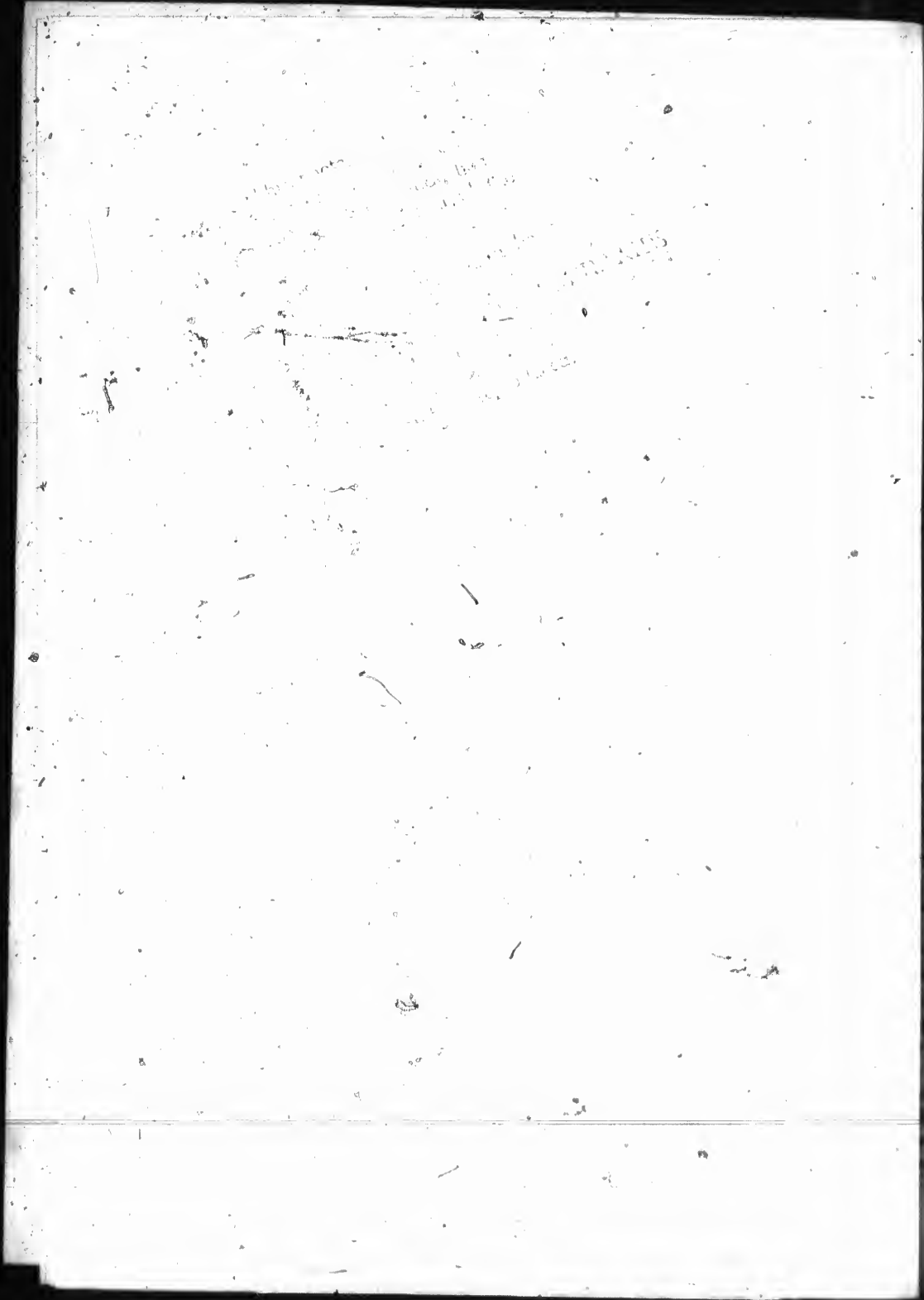
"Some flowers from off man's path it shakes;  
'Tis woman's heart alone it breaks."

What could have induced Captain Talbot, at his age, when everything the youthful heart most prizes was sketched out before him; rank, high family connections, and duty 'himself for life 'mid the interminable forests of the London District is a problem that would puzzle old Clootie of the sable garment. The difficulties that he must have undergone 50-years since, were those to be encountered by none except some daring Kentucky hunter or a lawless desperado, driven beyond the pale of all civilized society. However he loved to see the land of his adoption bloom as a garden, and the unsightly log cabin give way to the splendid brick and not less magnificent mansions of his neighbors, with granaries teeming with all the bounties of an indulgent Providence.

In 1802 Captain Talbot received immense tracts of land from the British Government, and early the following year sailed for his new home, and arrived in Dunwich on the 21st May, 1803. The transportation of his provisions, agricultural implements, horses, oxen, sheep, cows, and followers, from Quebec to the London District, at that infant state of Upper Canada, can at this period be scarcely conjectured by the young men of the present day. Suffice it to say, that there was not a steamboat on the River St. Lawrence, or any of its Lakes. A small craft was to be occasionally met with on the waters between Montreal and the Gibraltar of America, and then a French bateau, which had to be loaded and un-







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loaded at short distances, when pack-horses filled up the wretched *desideratum* of Canadian traveling, along the margin of the lakes, or the larger rivers; as roads at that time were a luxury unknown to the pioneers of the forest, who had to depend on their own exertions, or the assistance of some friendly Indian, when journeying from one part of the country to another; and not unfrequently owing much to their canoe, which at times they were compelled to carry on their shoulders, till they could once more replace the frail bark in its native element.

"But oft from the Indian hunter's camp  
This lover and maid so true,  
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp  
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,  
And paddle their white canoe!"

Of the lands received from the Crown, a portion was for himself as a compensation for settling the rest by actual settlers, under certain conditions before the occupant was entitled to a free deed. As Dominic Simpson would say, "it was prodigious" the annoyance he had to contend with, in giving out lands, not unfrequently having to change lots on his map three and four times before the new settler became reconciled to commence operations in the woods. Old bachelors are always a testy set of he cats, and, like old maids they have forsworn the dear embrace of partner and offspring, and console themselves in the sear and yellow leaf of life's pilgrimage, by turning back like travelers at eve, when journeying westward, to catch a glance of an ember that once shone bright. Colonel Talbot was peculiarly so, and the uncouth manner in which he was wont to treat those who approached him would ill comport with poor Tyrone Power's delineation of Irish character.

mountain, and the flood" once called upon Colonel Talbot requesting a grant of land, but was coarsely refused. There is a manner in which a favor denied consoles the petitioner, and another way by which a gift conferred ungraciously deteriorates from its intrinsic value. The Colonel was like the Irish girl in the dance: she did not care whether it was a Mozart's waltz or a lilt on the bagpipes to the tune of the "Humors of Bandon, for it was the one trot she had to them both. So with him, a favor granted or denied was delivered in his own rough vernacular idiom. "I'll gang till your betters," replied the independent Scotchman, (meaning the Governor.) "Go, and be d—d," replied the Colonel, with warmth, "for you can't find them." The emigrant, after an unsuccessful application to Francis Gore, Esq., the then Governor of Upper Canada was compelled to relinquish the idea of receiving a grant of land from that quarter. Colonel Talbot, to whom was faithfully chronicled the failure of the poor Scotchman, with compound interest, sent for him and enquired, "Have you found my betters, or yet a lot of land, after your long tramp to Toronto?" The proud Scot, drawing himself up to his full height, and with a look of defiance, replied, "Neither of them." He touched the darling chord boldly, but sweetly. The Colonel was the first to break silence, and said you are fatigued; come and take some whiskey and water after your walk, and get your dinner, and I will enter you for lot —; it is one of the best in my giving, and one that I thought to have reserved for myself. Our old friend Mc— is now one of the best farmers in Elgin, and a subscriber to the life of his old friend, whose memory he reveres.

An emigrant from the land of "heather,

Captain Talbot was not long a resident



of the Province until he was gazetted a Colonel of the local Militia, and a member of the Legislative Council. In his annual peregrinations to the seat of Government he aped the dress of a second Robinson Crusoe. An overcoat of sheepskins, and a monstrous cap of fox-skins, with the tails and ears as natural as life, whilst his inexpressibles and mocassins corresponding, fully completed the rough but comfortable and odd toilet of the forest settler.

In politics it was really difficult to say what he was to a certainty, save that he held the Yankees in utter abhorrence, which may have arisen from their over-stretched notions of equality, and his old antiquated idea of Dukes, Marquises, and "a' that." During the administration of the Canadian benefactors, Lord Sydenham and Sir Charles Bagot, I conducted the *Canada Inquirer*, published in London, and Colonel Talbot was one of its supporters, though it was the only Reform journal west of Toronto, except the *Hamilton Journal and Express*. The opposition press was wont to designate it the rabid *Inquirer*, and this is one of my reasons for considering that the Colonel was not violent, if even decided, in politics. In truth the *Inquirer* was violent enough, and although we are unwilling to speak disparagingly of the dead, it was fortunate we had not the malady in reality, and more fortunate still for the radical step-mother, Toryism; for in the paroxysm of the disorder we might be tempted to give her a nip, and then resort to the summary means adopted in Ireland and Scotland, a century ago, by smothering her between two feather beds. But the old Jezebel is gone; "fair weather after her, and snow to her heels," and her place is now occupied by impartial justice. The toscin of

good government has gone forth, and loyalty swells on every gale, throughout the length and breadth of the country, where a short time ago rebellion stalked in all its horrors. His religion was still more problematic, if he ever believed in any particular highway or byeway to Kingdom come. Outwardly, however, he was a member of the Church of England, and a Tory of the old school, from early associations, and the gratitude due a government which had lavished so many favors on himself and his father's family. A Rev. Mr. ——— once called upon the poor old Colonel, who with his usual hospitality when he took, for he never nibbled, was invited to dine. Dinner being announced, and the Colonel's appetite being keen, he made an immediate attack on the viands, whilst the clergyman modestly insinuated that if he would wait a couple of minutes he would say grace. "Then be d—— quick about it," cried the old hungry theologian.

Colonel Talbot was not a true disciple of Mahomet, for he believed that old Canadian whiskey was a sovereign panacea for all the evils to which flesh and blood is heir to. After dinner, his chief meal, he stuck with the tenacity of a leech to the decanter, till he steeped his senses in forgetfulness; and *mirabelu dictu*, arose the next morning as blithe as a mountain maid, making it as irrevocable as the law of the Medes and Persians not to pay his respects to the rosy god till after his mid-day meal, when all public business was suspended, and he was left alone for the rest of the evening to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. Indeed, he was a true believer in the doctrine of Caroling, the far-famed blind Irish harper, who was never equalled on the lyre, nor in the wild du'cet

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strains of the poetry of the times in which he lived.

"In sickness or health, in war or in peace, Stick close to your booze and then you'll have grace."

Dr. G——, who was no favorite with the Colonel, whether as an American, a politician, or a Temperance lecturer, once called upon the Colonel, and among other subjects complimented the "bold soldier boy" upon his exceeding good health and looks during the prevalence of cholera. "D——n your calomel; pills, opium and blisters!" replied Colonel Talbot; "there is my morning Doctor, pointing to a cold bath in the corner of the room; and there is my afternoon physician, glancing with complacency on a well-filled bottle of old Canadian whiskey. At night I sleep soundly, owing to a clear conscience, for I throw politics and Temperance lectures to the d——l."

Colonel Burwell and Colonel Talbot continued on terms of the greatest intimacy to the last, and it is well known were inseparable companions. At one time the two friends were traversing the woods together, accompanied by some followers, without having taken any breakfast, when Colonel Burwell bethought himself of a small flask that was in his possession. He partook of part of its contents, and handed it to Colonel Talbot, who firmly refused, though fatigued, with a comical "d——n it, Burwell, if you continue to drink liquor before dinner, you'll be a drunkard before you're forty years of age."

I have elsewhere remarked that Colonel Talbot did not make much ado about Religion, though he occasionally, at the early settlement of the colony, joined together, for better, for worse, some of his neighbors, in the absence of a regular

Minister. He acted upon the same principle as would the Captain of a vessel at sea, by reading service for them gratuitously on Sunday; and for fear their devotional propensities might lack the fervor of a genuine spirit, a goodly moeicum of rum was dealt out to each male penitent, to kindle up devotion. But alas, for backsliders and the flesh-pot of Egypt, the Colonel ceased to give them their accustomed rations of pure *Ferintosh*, and he was therefore left alone in his glory, with none but old George Crane and his rib Belle to utter an amen to the aspirations of the Anchofet of Dunwich.

Colonel Talbot was a strange compound of Irish pride, warm heart and odd head, qualities which he no doubt inherited in no small degree from his relatives "on both sides of the house." His uncle, Mr. O'Reilly, a fire-eater of some celebrity, took the absurd notion into his head, that his only son, who had a cast in his eyes, could not be his heir, had recourse to the following novel method to ascertain his offspring's legitimacy to the name and estate. Young O'Reilly being at the time a student of Trinity College, and upon the citizens of Dublin turning out to celebrate a certain gala day, the youthful collegiate joined the procession, and which was observed by the Father, who readily bribed a ruffian, by the power and influence of a guinea, to "wallop the blind rascal," as he pointed out his unsuspecting son to the "Dublin jackeen." During the contest Mr. O'Reilly stood at a distance, unseen, and had the satisfaction of seeing the hireling miscreant receive ample remuneration for his wages, in the shape of ~~changed eyes, bloody nose, and broken face~~: whilst the victor exclaimed, I am an O'Reilly of C——n, and will meet the Devil or any man in Dublin who would

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insult me, or cast an odium upon my name or family. Colonel Talbot's uncle ever afterwards treated his son with the greatest affection, and never again doubted his being descended from the old Milesian stock of the O'Reillys of Innisfail.

All the notables of Europe travelling through Canada for pleasure, generally paid a visit to Colonel Talbot at the Hermitage in Dunwich; as did also the representatives of Royalty; who left him convinced that if their host did not enjoy happiness in a life in the woods, he at least lost nothing of the pristine hospitality of the castle of Malahide, and his ancient name. He neither amused himself by fishing nor fowling; like Lord Chesterfield, he considered such amusements beneath the dignity of a gentleman; and when he required fish from the lake or game from the forest he was willing to pay for it. However, he kept a seine for the accommodation of himself and his neighbors, in the vicinity of Port Talbot, where in the spring and fall large quantities of Pickerel, Muskelonge, Catfish, Bass, Mullet, Suckers, Sturgeon, &c., were taken in abundance, and which was divided between the fishermen and the proprietor of the net and fishing ground.

Colonel Talbot was always much annoyed when anybody hinted death to him; and whoever had the hardihood to do so invariably fell in for a withering invective. A Rev. gentleman once had the temerity to point out to him his great length of days, and the numerous blessings that God strew around him, as also the necessity of a preparation previous to an exit from this vale of tears; when he became outrageous, and told the Minister he would live when he was dead and d—d.

▲ stalworth Scotchman once waited on

the Colonel when he was not in the best of humor, requesting a grant of wild land, but was immediately unceremoniously refused. The emigrant, greatly disappointed retorted with much bitterness, and was not answered with such language as was capable of assuaging the troubled spirit of the stranger, who pounced upon the Col. in such a manner as to compel him to seek safety in flight, and lock his office door to prevent the ingress of a second Roderick Dhu. An esteemed friend of ours, Mr. James B—y then a confidential of the Colonel, whose hair resembled his, met the unsuccessful applicant for land on his way from the house, and, with eyes darting fire, came up to the young Irishman, and declared that if he ever met his d—d papist father from home, he would break every bone in his body. The laborers about the premises ever afterwards designated Mr. B—y by the soubriquet of "Young Tom."

In 1829 Colonel Talbot returned from one of his tours to Europe, accompanied by his brother, Sir Richard, who intended to make Canada his permanent home. The Knight, who a short time previously had represented an Irish constituency in the House of Commons, possessed to perfection all the worst traits of the Colonel, without even a shadow of any of his good qualities. He was vain, supercilious and tyrannical; nay, unfit to command the outward respect of serfs or helots. He heated Canada with a vengeance as unfit for a gentlemen to reside in, owing to the democratic predilections of its inhabitants; and he was frequently heard to say that he never saw a place except Paris, London, and Dublin, where a man of birth and rank was properly respected. Upon one occasion Sir Richard Talbot accompanied the Colonel to where a mechanic

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was erecting a building, when the employer and employed entered freely into conversation, when the greenhorn demanded with the most Czarish pomposity if the builder's hat was not nailed to his head. No, replied the independent Irishman; yet it is firm enough not to take it off to a worm like myself. I reserve that privilege to honor my Creator, and for the common courtesies of life, but not for the gratification of wordlings, some of whom are only blanks in creation.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp;  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

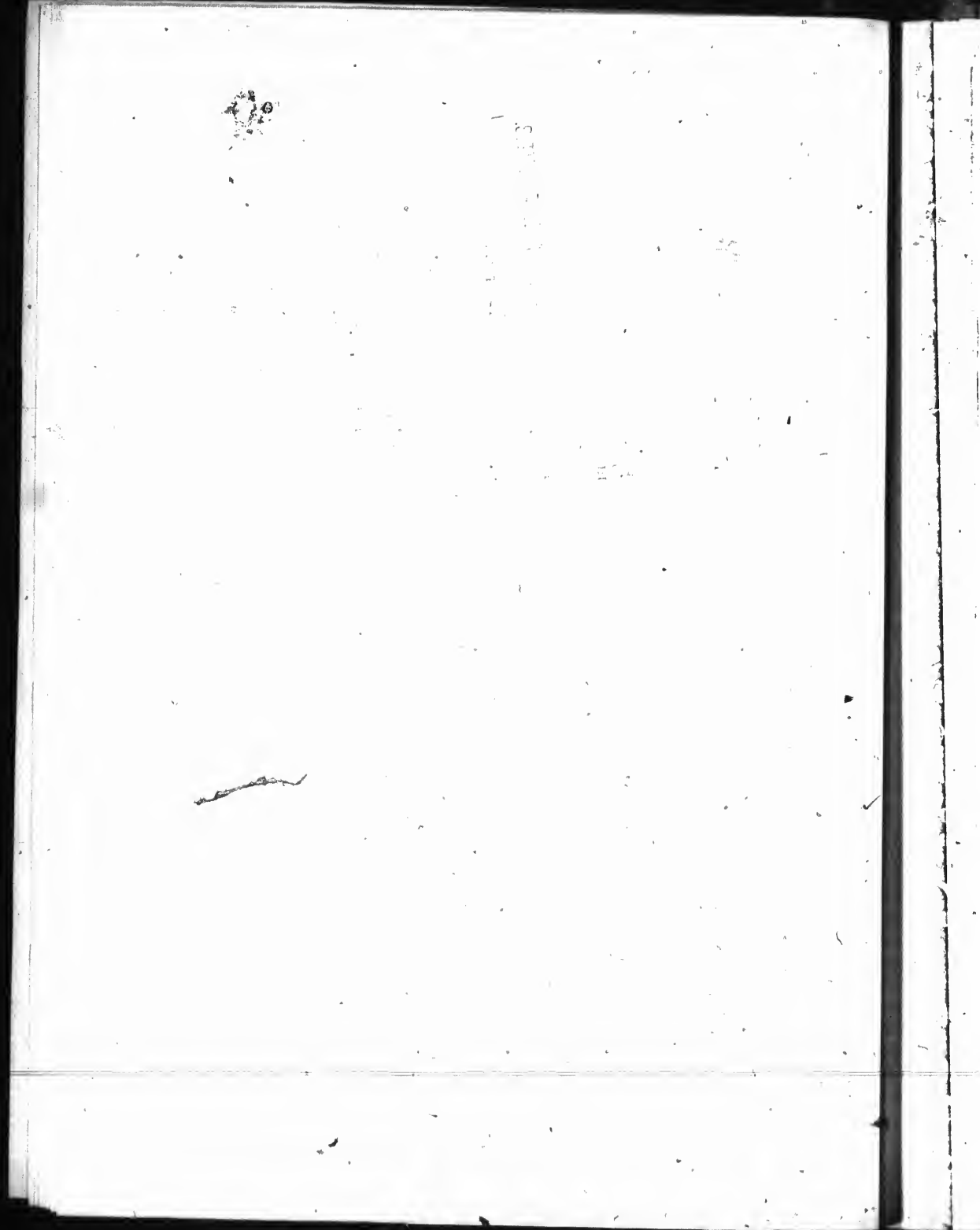
The name of Thomas Talbot will ever continue to fill an important place in the history of Canada, whether as an appendage of the British Empire, or an independent government. Already the germ of a mighty nation is not only sown, but advances with giant strides to the harvest; and in the language of an illustrious personage in the House of Lords, when we are competent for self-government England will extend to us the hand of friendship, and direct us by example and counsel to walk in these paths of honor and patriotism, characteristic of the land of our forefathers. 'Tis then we can smile at internal or external hostility, and crush in our might anything that wo'd dare to invade our peace or prosperity. At the present time Canada is the happiest country on the face of the globe. Emigrants from Europe and the United States of America are daily crowding our shores; whilst our farmers and mechanics are rewarded for their labors beyond even their most sanguine expectations. Peace, plenty and harmony bless the Province—the laws are maintained and respected;—its great commerce in our towns and cities can vie with that of some of the older nations of Europe; whilst every little

hamlet, from Cornwall to Amherstburgh, from the shores of Lake Superior to those of Ontario, from the pure waters of the Huron to those of Lake Erie, is studded with magnificent stores and manufactories, the owners of which are becoming wealthy, mid the general welfare of this happy and favored colony.

Long after Col. Talbot arrived in Upper Canada, the London district occupied an immense tract of forest, with a scattered settlement here and there, like an oasis in the wilderness. It then comprised the present three Counties of the Huron tract, now Huron, Perth and Bruce; also the Counties of Oxford, Norfolk, Elgin, and Middlesex: each now having a Court House and Gaol of its own, with the exception of Bruce, which has not as yet been able to meet the requirements of the Act. Liken the present with the period when the only Court House and Gaol for this immense section of country was located in the village of Victoria, County of Norfolk, and inferior even at this day to our own rising village of Fingal.\*

A Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery was called for a certain day to meet at Vittoria, when Judge, Sheriff, Jury, Constables and Lawyers were present; the Jury to assess damages and a true verdict give between our Sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the bar, who happened to be an unfortunate wight indicted for horse-stealing. The heterogeneous jury retired, leaving the candidate for hemp in no very enviable situation. Six were for a verdict of guilty, and the other half-dozen

\* Twenty years ago the Gaol and Court House of London, after the burning of the Vittoria establishment, sufficed for the same tract of land, with its present seven Counties, each of which has now its own head town, and all requisite requirements.



were unwilling to consign him to the tender mercy of "Jack Ketch." What steps to be taken under such untoward circumstances, was the great *arcanum*; till a Solon of the number, unskilled in the dry tomes of Chitty and Blackstone, gave as his legal opinion that the best plan to adopt was to "*flip a copper*." No soon said than done. Up went the life-giving or life-taking coin,—fortune directed its whirligig contortions, and the culprit was acquitted. This anecdote I have from Mr. R. H. Lee, a merchant of Stratford, then a resident of Vittoria, the scene of the above specimen of the intelligence of the London District some thirty years ago. *Tempora mutantur*, when we can now compete with any section of the British Isles as to the general information of the people.

Norfolk, or Long Point, as it is sometimes called, was first settled by a curious compound of the *homo genus* gender, composed of U. E. Loyalists, a few stragglers from Butter's Rangers, and some others of a more respectable character for intelligence and respectability. During the administration of Governor Simcoe, the Long Pointers elected a man to represent them, named S——n, whose knowledge of the English language consisted in a few broken sentences that an illiterate pedagogue, a Yankee deserter, had been trying to beat into his upper story, from the period of his election till he should present himself in the halls of legislation. Parliamentary duties and usages he was as unskilled in, as would a blind dromedary to the properties of a "*Minnie Rifle*." After many hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, our M. P. P. arrived safely at the seat of government, when Mr. S——n, with other representatives, was formally introduced to his Ex-

cellency General Simcoe. He informed him in reply to some commonplace observations, "dat his peeple war all-killen fond of their rytes, and the tarnation critters told me that if I couldn't give the Guvnor a hoist at koller and elber they'd never send me here again. So if yer ready let us at it Mr. Guvnor. I calculate I can take two out of three, anyhow! I could do so with any feller in Long Point." The Governor bowed and smiled complacently, and said, Mr. S., our duty to our King and country partakes of a very solemn nature. We have met together to frame laws and enactments for the protection of life and property, and not for the purpose of wrestling." All this was as unintelligible to the member for Parliament as if General Simcoe had delivered himself in Arabic. He merely caught the last word, and augured therefrom that his Excellency declined the challenge. "Give me your hand, Mr. Guvner, we'll be friends henceforward; I've done my duty to my people, and am sure of re-election. I know General Simcoe, your no koward, for you fit well in the revolutionary war, though them plaguy rebels, with Washington at their head, gave the poor British an all-fired whipping." This was delivered amid a boisterous roar of laughter, in which General Simcoe, his aide de-camp, Private Secretary, and members of both branches of the Legislature heartily joined. Mr. S——n thought all this outburst of gaiety arose from his Excellency's fear to wrestle, and his own signal victory, with the triumph that must await him at his return to Long Point. "Never mind, Mr. Guvner," he remarked, "they need not laugh at you, for I believe I co'd show the ground to the youngest and conceitedst coon in the room." This was the signal for another volley, when the Gov-

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ernor bowed to the company and retired. Mr. S——n, then turning to the Member for Lincoln, and like a man pleased with himself and the performance, exclaimed, "Got rot the critters, didn't I give them h—ll under the shirt!" However, Mr. Sovereign was shortly indoctrinated into the mysteries of parliamentary etiquette, and voted afterwards, with many others, 1100 acres of the best lands of the Province to each member of the Legislature. The great Talbot street commences in the vicinity of Simcoe, head town of the County of Norfolk, and passes through some beautiful and important and rising villages, till it terminates at the finished town of Sandwich, the capitol of the County of Essex, on the south bank of the River St. Lawrence, or, River Detroit, if you will. Finished, did we say? Yes, finished to all intents and purposes; for there has not been a new house built there for the last dozen of years. \*

Talbot Street is nearly two hundred miles long, and passes through some of the most fertile townships in Canada; and then the beauty and fertility of the farms, the magnificence and extent of the orchards, producing apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries; with the splendor of the dwellings and offices to be met with on the route, are evidences of the taste, energy and indomitable perseverance of the first settlers of Talbot Street and the adjacent Townships.

"Her wheat, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

The great Talbot Street was opened by means of settlement duties, as each individual who obtained a grant of land was

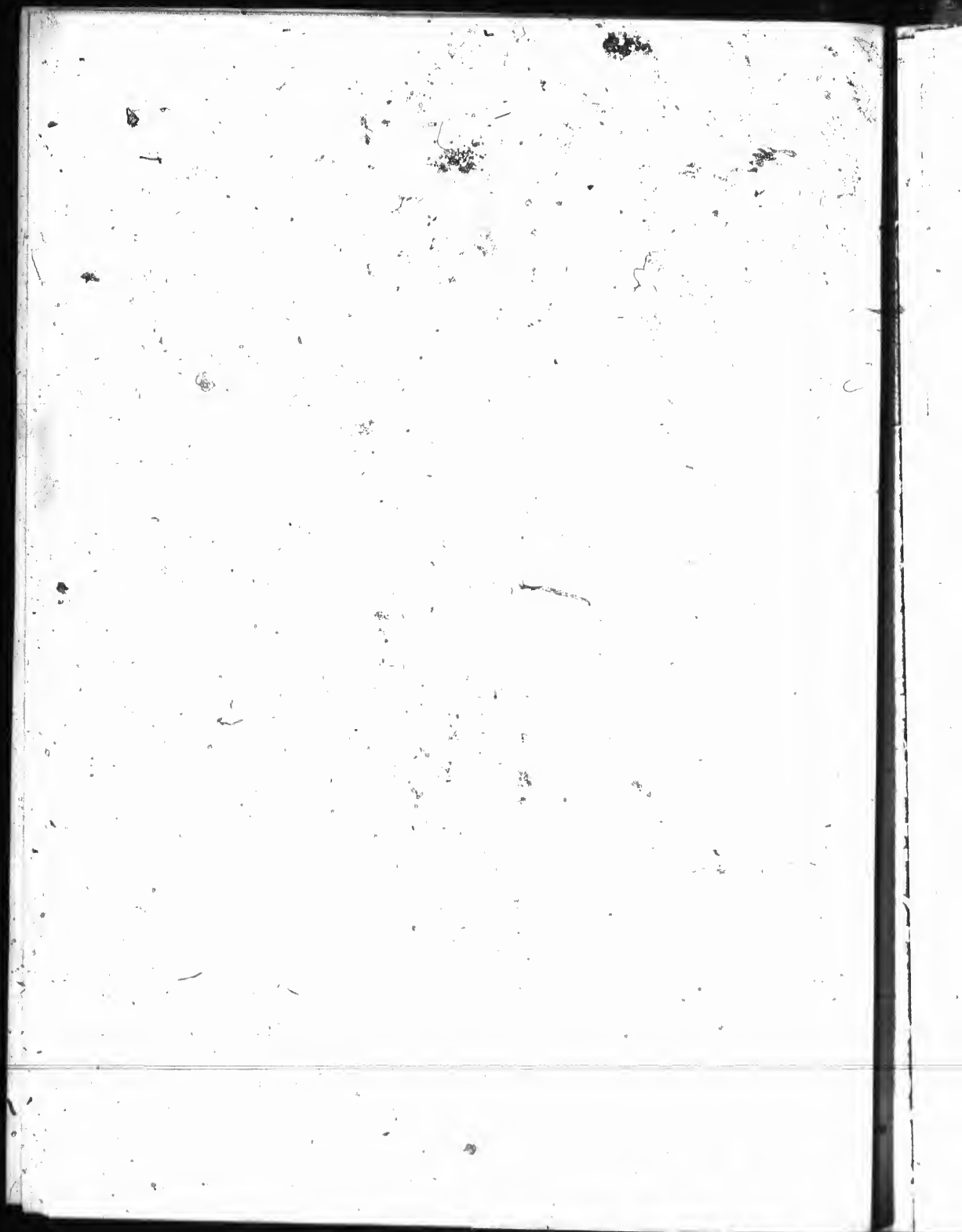
\* Col. John Prince has recently laid the foundation stone of a Court House and Gaol at Sandwich, County of Essex, C. W.

compelled to chop and log the breadth of 66 feet along the length of his farm; and many were the difficulties Colonel Talbot had to grapple with, in seeing that this thoroughfare was opened through so important a section of Upper Canada. The Province was in a state of infancy at the time; its resources were little more than nothing, and scarcely sufficient money could be obtained to pay the nominal tax imposed on the settlers, who were content if they could obtain the common necessaries of life. But such a state of penury did not long exist; the forest gave way to fields of grain; and comforts of every description fell to the lot of the settler, in proportion to its growing population, and the general improvement of the Province, till it has arrived at that high position which commands the admiration of all Europe, whether as a producer of wheat, exporter of flour, potash, grain, lumber, or first in the agricultural and mechanical arts. In defence of my opinion respecting my adopted country, I cannot do better than copy the encomiums of the Hon. Horace Greely, of the New York *Tribune*, and Member of Congress; who was present at the great Paris exhibition, in July of the present year. Mr. Greely's statement is pregnant with hope to the future greatness of Canada. Coming from an American, it will be read with pride and satisfaction by the subjects of this delightful appendage of the British Empire:

"Her wheat, oats, peas, beans, &c., neatly arranged in open sacks, (her very best products having been purchased outright for this purpose) are hard to beat; her show of Indian Corn is respectable and unexcelled, since there is none from the States; and so with her axes, scythes, and other edged tools, which Europe has not yet learned how to make, but may







by and bye produce, if she manifests a tractable disposition.—(We must not ask too much of youth and inexperience).

“But I propose to show how it pays:—Canada is known to be remarkable rich in timber, while France is relatively poorer in that important staple than any other country I ever saw. We justly praise the architecture of Paris for the security it affords against fires; but how could it be otherwise, when there is scarcely any inflammable material for house building to be had here at any price? Well, the Canadians have wisely sent a good display of samples of their various kinds of timber, and, with them, specimens of manufactured doors, windows, &c., with the price marked on each. I understand, one can readily believe, that these have already induced not merely enquiries, but large French orders for doors, &c., from Canada, and is very likely to become the foundation of a considerable trade.”

From the Montreal Herald.

“We are now in receipt of official documents regarding the great exhibition of 1855 in Paris. They give a most minute and, we believe, extremely impartial description of the nature and value of the numerous articles which the different countries on the face of the earth have contributed to render this Exposition one of the most brilliant that ever took place. In the grand catalogue of countries mentioned in these documents, Canada has not been forgotten, and the following extract, which we translate from the French original, will show better than anything else in what high estimation this Province is held in France by persons most competent to judge of the utility and value of the natural and industrial productions of a country. The extract in question reads thus :

The graceful trophy, erected in the centre of the space allotted to Canada, (in the building of the Expositions at Paris) at once indicates the special character of the productions of this country. Barrels containing articles of food, as grain, and preserved meat and fish, have been ranged at the foot of the trophy.

On the upper part appears a collection of blocks of timber which support the implements of the agriculturist and wood cleaver. Samples of fur and British flags crown the summit.

In 1853 the value of the export of wood amounted to 47 millions, precisely one-half of the value of the total export. This sufficiently proves of what importance those immense forests which cover a great part of the soil of Canada, are to that country. The samples of walnut are magnificent.

The Canadians know how to skilfully employ the natural richness of their country. All the turning work sent to the Exhibition is remarkably well done, and so is the cabinet ware. The trophy contains a well constructed door, the price of which does not reach seventeen francs; in France a similar door would cost at least twenty francs.

Grain is a very important article of export for Canada, and the Montreal gardeners have preserved the traditions of the beautiful French culture; they export their fruits and vegetables to several parts of North America.

Although a war of extermination has somewhat depopulated the forests of Canada, there are many beautiful furs at the exhibition, among which those of black and silver foxes deserve especially to be mentioned. The price of this sort of fur is incredibly high, and reaches sometimes 500 francs for one single black fox hide. The trophy is surmounted by a beaver, which interesting animal has almost disappeared.

The Gulf into which the waters of the St. Lawrence flow is well known for the extreme abundance of fish, and the fisheries there and considerably to the wealth of Canada.

The minerals of the country consist chiefly of iron and copper. Considerable beds of native copper have recently been discovered near Lake Superior, and their exploration has already commenced. The Exhibition contains several beautiful samples of this copper, as also of pyrites of copper and malachites. Sulphate of zinc, argentiferous galena and

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native silver and gold, complete the beautiful collection of the metallic productions of Canada.

Long since inhabited by Europeans, the country already possesses a notable industry, pretty carriages, beautiful tissues, a fine collection of ironware, which show that the time is not far distant when the importation of manufactured articles will no more have that importance to Canada which it still retains. The agricultural machines of Canada are decidedly not inferior to even those of England.

Finally, the enormous works of art undertaken by Canada show her riches; the country is covered with a net work of railroads, joining from all sides the St. Lawrence, which is the great vein of North America, and has by immense works been brought into communication with the Lakes. The facilities of navigation, and the cheap rates of traveling for the conveyance of merchandize, will give this grand route a decided importance with regard to the communication with Western America, and make it a serious rival to the Canal of the State of New York. The great river itself will soon be crossed near Montreal by a railroad bridge; its length will be two kilometres (about 6,156 feet). A colony which executes similar works to avoid the expense of transshipment, is certainly enjoying a fine state of prosperity."

There has been an outcry raised against Colonel Talbot, perhaps correct in part, and unjust as a whole; but by investigating his character, and allowing a little latitude for self, which actuates every man in a greater or lesser degree. I am emboldened to say, that Colonel Talbot will be found to be one of the best public men that Canada looked upon during the Tory regime. There was the Honorable Samuel Smith, Procurator of the government in 1820, who conferred thousands upon thousands of acres on Samuel Smith, Esq., his own precious self. Then there was the Honorable

Peter Robinson, who received immense tracts of land, provisions and agricultural implements for settling the County of Peterborough and a few of its Townships. Not satisfied with what he could make out of such a promising speculation, when he became Commissioner of Crown Lands, in 1832, he was defaulter to the amount of several thousand pounds. Then there arose Sir John Caldwell, at the same time, and his son Sir Henry, a couple of years afterwards, who embezzled nearly a half a million of dollars in their capacity as Receivers General. Compare such characters as we have alluded to with the exertions of Colonel Talbot for upwards of half a century, and he will appear as an angel of light when viewed in juxtaposition with such cotemporaries. Of a truth, it may be said that our virtues are written on sand, whilst our faults are engraved on brass. In the survey of townships and laying out of villages on the great Talbot Road, the poor Colonel still clung to the recollection of home and home's holiest affections; for Malahide was called after the paternal castle; St. Thomas after himself; Fingal after a relative, the Earl of Fingal; the beautiful village of Aylmer after Lord Aylmer; and so might be traced some others, gleaned from the heart of the recluse of Dunwich that Erin was still his home; when he drew recollections around him that upwards of half a century could not efface. There is a something that reconciles every man to his lot. It may be hope, the first dream of his youth, and the last comfort of his existence, for it is the last anchor that forsakes us. It may be the consolation of the poet, that "man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." Or it may be custom that habit-

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uates us after a lapse of time to show a bold front to difficulties which a proud spirit loves to grapple with, in order to achieve a nobler conquest. The following anecdote from memory may illustrate my position. After the destruction of the infernal Bastile, a poor old man who had been buried alive in it for fifty years, made his re-appearance in the streets of Paris; he inquired for his wife, his children, his brothers, sisters, home and friends; but they had long lain in the narrow house of death, and his cottage made way for a palace. He was a stranger amidst a new generation. He wept the weeping of childhood again; he sighed once more for the Bastile—the life-string snapped. Shall I proceed? No! he was dead.

During his residence in Canada Colonel Talbot made some three visits to Europe, but they were of short duration; indeed, like all others who once breathe the pure air of a Western world, they can ill-reconcile themselves with the wretchedness of the poor of Europe, and still less with the haughty lordlings, who believe that days were made for slaves, and nights and days for them. In this happy land, flowing with milk and honey—when once its independence and comforts are enjoyed, it must be the error of the moon to exchange it for anything that can be obtained by the working class of Englishmen, Irishmen or Scotchmen. But this could not apply to Col. Talbot; it must have arisen from his long residence, and a love of the country and solitude. In fact, use is second nature, and to search out new pleasures at his age would be as fruitless as to seek for the Philosopher's stone; or as absurd as Vati, the Chinese Emperor, who spent his whole life in trying to distil a liquor

that would render him immortal. Pale death, however, who strikes with the same impudence at the palaces of princes and the cottages of the poor, gave the great man the beak at last, and he was gathered to his fathers, before he could accomplish the mighty project he intended. Colonel Talbot, with all his gruffness, was beloved by the old settlers, but as they increased in wealth, so did they decrease in affection for a man who took very little pains to cultivate it. The Colonel still clung to the principle of the old school, no change—no compromise. He was like the old "daft Scotchman," who fell in love with a beautiful girl he once met in the streets of Edinburgh, and who has since been seeking her in every public place and thoroughfare in "Auld Reekie," with a similar dress to what she then wore; and more astonishing yet he looks into the face of every young woman that he meets that he thinks her age corresponds with that of his unknown beloved; making no difference in the havoc that fifty years must have made on her youth and beauty—which have bereft him of sense and reason. As it was with Colonel Talbot, half a century made no difference in him; but it was with his settlers and their children, who opposed industry and perseverance to difficulties which they surmounted, and who are now worthy of the honor of so glorious a triumph.

For many years the Talbot anniversary—the 21st of May—was celebrated at St. Thomas by a superb ball and supper, when the merchants, mechanics and old settlers, with their wives and daughters were wont to trip it off to the "light fantastic toe." Many a time have I heard a good old matron exclaim with conscious pride, that she danced with Colonel Tal-

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bot at one of those happy gatherings. But the Talbot anniversary is now reckoned among the things that have been. The good denizens of London upon one occasion celebrated the same day with great display, and the Colonel went to them, and left his old friends to console themselves for his absence as best they could. So that was the last of the St. Thomas Talbot anniversary, and almost the last link that existed between himself and the old settlers. The link was even made of brass, and could not be brazed; the Colonel was stubborn—they independent, and both were too old to have it recast.

Take an Irishman, when seated at the festive board with companions that he loves, and there is not a more warm-hearted being from Vudus to the Poles.—His eyes beaming with the genuine happiness that reigns within; his ready repartee, whilst flinging his jests arounds, heedless whether they fall upon himself or others, if they only waken a burst of laughter from his associates, whom he endeavors to make as merry as himself. Those traits in the Irish character are found in every cast of society, from the peer to the peasant. Indeed, it is a matter of opinion whether a little parlor education does not really deprive an unsophisticated Irishman of a considerable share of that wit and hilarity which, when emanating from men of other nations, yield not half the zest. Alas, poor Pat! whether in the trenches before Sebastopol, enduring the oppression bequeathed to his own loved land of sorrow, for the last four hundred years, or in the most perilous difficulties, he always points to a happy future for himself and his companions. In fact, like Lord Byron, he has "a heart for every fate," and can readily console himself in the position which we

have just placed him. "May the curse of Cromwell light on the bloody Russians that wont come out and give us a chance of drubbing them." Or, it may be, "arrah, boys, we are well: used to hunger and hardship, but cheer up; avick, the darkest hour is before day." Though the chains of oppression fetter our limbs, there is a God above who will scatter them to dust, and fling them in the eyes of our oppressors, terrific as a sand-shroud of an Arabian Sirocco. There are some parasites who listlessly behold their down trodden country and her wrongs, who cannot look to the trefoil attached to the hat of their countryman on the 17th of March; but, thank Heaven! such are only to be found among the Castlereagus, the Norberrys, the Londonderrys, the Farnhams, and others of that class of political vampires whose hearts have been steeled to barbarity by gold, and their eyes jaundiced by titles, the price of ruined, desolate Ireland, for—unpriced are her sons till they learn to betray." Even this accusation has been brought against Colonel Talbot by the *Cannaile*, who attribute to him as having said, that "a man born in a stable did not constitute him a horse." I wish to screen the memory of the poor Colonel from such an imputation; for I believe there does not exist an Irishman or an Englishman bearing the illustrious name that would change it for a cradling in St. James. I therefore make no hesitation to say, that it is an unmitigated falsehood, and unworthy of the least credence. Colonel Talbot was an Irishman in every sense of the word, and felt proud of the land of his birth, with all its faults, for he could place them in juxta-position with her Currans, Graltons, Burkes, Sheridans, Shields, Goldsmiths, Moores, Wellingtons, O'Con-



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nels, Swifts, Floods, Hutchesons, Doyles, Ellsingtons, Boyles, Cahans, Tottenhams, Sterns, and thousands of others, in the galaxy of theology, patriotism, law, medicine, poetry, oratory, philosophy and arms: and who have not been inferior to the literati or distinguished of any other nation since Partholan first knelt on the daisy-decked meads of the Western Isle, 312 years after the Deluge.

On St. Patrick's day Colonel Talbot was accustomed to evince more than his usual familiarity among his workmen, and always had prepared for them a superior dinner, with a corresponding quantity of the "barley brew." On these occasions recollections of his early military life would crowd around him, with a hidden pang of grief that could ill conceal the workings within, when turning to catch a fading ray of joys long departed, and contrasting those happy moments with the solitude of the wilds, and the rough customers and rougher treatment that sometimes awaited him, whether as general Agent for the Crown Lands of the surrounding District, or free distributor for the Government of part of those of the Townships of Dunwich and Aldboro'. However, the passing cloud would speedily vanish from his brow, and Momus take firm possession of the warm-hearted soldier. It was in these moments of fitful pleasure he would refer to a glorious St. Patrick's evening at the tremendous Mess Table, to his brother officers, some of whom perhaps found a grave 'mid the lone blue waters of the Atlantic, or the blood-red fields of Spain and Waterloo.

### Land of My Birth.

BY L. CUNNINGHAM KEARNEY.

Come quick, let the goblet be press'd to my lip;  
'Tis to thee, belov'd Erin, each drop I will sip

And quaff the bright Lesbian, with a heart free  
from guile,

And a smile on my lip for the Emerald Isle.

Then hail thee, dearest land of my birth!

The land of the brave,—sweetest Isle upon  
earth;

Though the noon-tide of sorrow around thee has  
set,

The sunshine of glory will beam 'round thee  
yet.

Though bleak be the tear that starts from thine  
eye,

Thy sons are as pure as thine own native sky;  
And where'er be the clime they are destined to

roan,

Their thoughts ever rest in the land of their  
home;

Then hail to thee, dearest land of my birth!

The land of the brave,—sweetest Isle upon  
earth;

Though the noontide of sorrow around thee has  
set,

The sunshine of glory will beam 'round thee  
yet.

Thy sons patriotic who encircle us here,

Whose bosom is warm with friendship sincere;  
Whose arm is rais'd for our Queen and our right,

And whose watchword is liberty, fountain of  
light.

Then hail to thee, dearest land of my birth!

The land of the brave,—sweetest Isle upon  
earth;

Though the noontide of sorrow around thee has  
set,

The sunshine of glory will beam 'round thee  
yet.

Let a halo of glory fill mountain and vale;

Let it hie to the East on the wings of the gale;

Aloft let it ride o'er the bark-bearing wave,

Till it rests on thy bosom, green land of the  
brave.

Then hail to thee, dearest land of my birth!

The land of the brave,—sweetest Isle upon  
earth;

Though the noontide of sorrow around thee  
has set,

The sunshine of glory will beam 'round thee  
yet.

Some twenty-five years ago a country-  
man of his, Mr. McR——d, a native of

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the County of Wexford; or the 'Clear Ayr' as it is sometimes designated, waited on Colonel Talbot for the purpose of obtaining a grant of land, "fear *nobile fratrum!*" Before Mr. R——d got within a stone's throw of the not over polite Col., he put his head out of his log *caboose*, meant for an office, and with the lungs of Stentor bellowed out, "what the d—l do you want?" "Go to h—ll," quickly responded R——d, "'tis none of your business." "You're a blackguard," replied Colonel Talbot. "And you're another," continued the Wexonian. This was too much for the governor of the *caboose*, whose irascibility was foaming over; and rapid as the wheeling flight of the sword-winged Albatross, presented himself in a pugilistic form before the applicant for land, who prepared for the defensive in such a manner as proved him to be no tyro, or yet unwilling to engage in the respectable game of fisticuffs. The Colonel then a little more at himself, and in a milder tone demanded, "What then do you want?" "I want to see Colonel Talbot," ejaculated R——d. "I am the person," exclaimed the son of Mars. Mr. R——d at length began to think it was the genus himself, yet believing it was moonshined to expect land from him, was determined to adhere to the poet and sing, "Lay on McDuff, and d——d be he who first cries hold enough." R——d looking the Colonel in the face, between a sneer of pity and anger, continued, "that is not a bad joke to endeavor to palm yourself over on me as the brother of Lord Talbot,—the noblest blood of Irish chivalry." The Colonel was fairly used up, and with a grin that could ill conceal the smile that mantled on his cheek, said, "You are a papist." "I am," was the speedy rejoinder. The Colonel,

still intent on a triumph, said, "Theh, d——n you, I'll 'fix you, and send you among the Orangemen, and they'll kill you." "The very thing I want," was the reply." The Colonel gave Mr. R——d his request, and ever afterwards treated him with hospitality and respect. He never afterwards lost an opportunity to enquire concerning the welfare of Mr. R——d when any man from the township of London called to see him; and this circumstance worked so favorably on the good opinion of his neighbors, that they believed he was all and all, as they called it, with Colonel Talbot, and Mr. R——d was treated accordingly, and very justly; for a warmer heart or more independent man never crossed the Atlantic.

Colonel Talbot once pointed out to an acquaintance the stump of a huge oak on his farm, and continued to say, that at the time it was chopped a "contankerous cur" who was never at ease, but eternally telling lies and keeping the whole neighborhood in confusion. Every *liason* in the country was known to him, as well as the private affairs of each family for miles around; in fact, to make a long story short, he was a general nuisance, and in truth the curses of the old and young seemed only to expand his front man. The monarch of the wood had to come down, but at its fall the busy-body was in such a position that nothing short of the interposition of Heaven could to all appearance save him from total annihilation. However, he came from under the tree unscathed, and ready to practice the old trade, which seemed to be a part of his nature. "Had the vagabond been worth a d——n to King or country (said Colonel Talbot) he would be crushed to a jelly."

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Colonel Talbot at another time accompanied the same individual from Dunwich to London, and there, on the opposite side of Dundas street, pointed out Mr. ——— the richest man in the County of Middlesex; "and he took a sure way to be so," continued Col. Talbot, "for out of every shilling that he ever touched at least eleven pence three farthings stuck to his fingers."

Colonel Talbot when in his merry mood never let slip an opportunity of playing off a dry joke, with the most seeming indifference. Upon one Christmas morning whilst awaiting for his conveyance at Lewis' Hotel, Fingal, observed a countryman of his passing on his way to the Roman Catholic Church of St. Thomas, and with the greatest show of satirical feeling exclaimed, "there goes my 'curlew' namesake to mass to gladden the heart of his priest, but faith I reckon if his Christmas dinner and bowl of punch depend on Tom's generosity, poor Father M—— will be compelled to keep Lent from St. Stephen's day to 'the hunting of the wren,' on the following *Anno Domini*. Colonel Talbot's namesake has since been known by the pleasing addition of "Tom Quarter," the sum his liberality annually bestows on his Priest and the cause of Religion.

"Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin' In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'."

During the war in 1812 which was waged between Great Britain and the United States of America, Col. Talbot experienced many hair-breadth escapes, by flood and field; and upon more occasions than one retained his freedom, owing to the rough figure he cut when about home. The enemy burned his mills and plundered him of every moveable article of what kind soever that fell in their

way. In fact, a band of traitors who infested that neighborhood were worse than the regular army, for they were wont to descend to the meanest species of petty plunder, by the abstracting of bed covering, and depriving women and children of their last morsel of bread. Indeed I have heard Colonel Talbot's bravery doubted (during this period) by some of his political enemies, and that he transferred little glory to a name whose escutcheon is already ennobled by gallantry, patriotism, and loyalty. Really it would appear that some men are calculated by nature for deeds of noble daring, whilst others shine in a different sphere of action, with a more dazzling brilliancy. Cicero, who crushed the notorious Cataline, one of the most daring conspirators that ever threatened Rome, could not advocate the cause of his friend Milo till the soldiery were withdrawn from the forum. Frederick the Great showed the white feather in the first battle he ever engaged in, by running away from his army; and the late Duke of York did not evince great heroism during his precipitate retreat from Dunkirk. Nay more, General Proctor, in the same trying times was a disgrace to his King and country. However, expectants for land and office who may have doubted Colonel Talbot's courage, cannot doubt that it is not one of the characteristics of his countrymen as given by poets, historians, or those who have met them on the red fields of Waterloo, Salamanca, Affghanistan, and to the battles of Corunna, Badajos, Alma, Inkerman and Balaklava. I fully agree with the poet, who says, that, "if the field of fame be lost, 'twill not be by an Irishman." It matters little what the prejudiced may say for or against the deceased; when I have it on the authority of Mr. Geo. Lawrence and other old and respectable settlers of St.

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Thomas and the adjacent townships, who accompanied him to the Niagara frontier in 1812, that no man could be more cool or more daring than Colonel Talbot at the hard fought battle of Lundy's Lane; encouraging the Middlesex Militia by words and example to do their duty; and with the greatest self-possession taking an occasional pinch of snuff, whilst the hardest fought battle that ever took place on the Continent of America was raging around him.

Colonel Talbot entertained a horrible aversion for the *canaille*, and particularly for a certain class of Canadian exquisites, with galvanized watches, guard chains, and, as lawyers will have it, other appurtenances thereunto belonging. Should the wearer be as honest as the virgin Honesty herself, the forbidden trinkets would be a sufficient justification in the opinion of the old bachelor to consign the wearer to the tender mercy of the redoubtable Judge Lynch. "Go, he would say, to school, and learn to know what o'clock it is, before you parade your candlestick watch before your superiors in everything that constitutes the difference between an ape and a gentleman." One of this class a perfect "*homo factus ad unguem*," and decorated with all the paraphernalia of a bush dandy, waited on our beloved Erinist, and introduced himself as Mr. H—y. The Colonel turned a quick glance upon him, and in an instant eyed him from head to foot; and then exclaimed in his accustomed manner when not pleased, or when he wanted to find out his customer, "You should leave that for somebody else to say." Nevertheless Colonel Talbot was a man of quick and penetrating discernment, and seldom, if ever, did he allow a person to depart without a grant of land, if he really thought he

would become a wholesome settler. Colonel Talbot used to say, and we believe with truth, that the best coats were on the backs of stupid fops, broken down merchants and clerks with beggarly salaries. He would continue; the heaviest gold chain dangles from the fob of gamblers and blacklegs, whilst the costly ornaments on ladies indicate to eyes that are well open the fact of a silly lover, or a husband on the eve of bankruptcy; whilst a plain neatly dressed woman may be presumed to have fair expectations before her in a sensible lover, and, if married, that her husband can show a balance in his favor. For, continued the not bad old judge of human nature, women are like books; too much gilding makes men suspicious that the binding is the most important part of the being that is destined to tender some poor son of Adam miserable or happy in this nether planet.

Little is known of Colonel Talbot, beyond the general line of life we have already alluded to, from the termination of the war of 1812 till the commencement of the Canadian Rebellion in 1837. When he deemed it not prudent to call out his regiment of Militia; nay more, it is said by some of the old settlers in Dunwich and Aldboro, that he induced Col. Burwell, his friend and neighbor, to adopt the same cautious procedure in them uncertain times, when brother was arrayed against brother, and few knew upon whom to depend with much degree of certainty. Though the latter gentleman met his regiment doing duty at St. Thomas, after the defeat of the Patriot Army at Gallows Hill. I do not wish by this statement to cast the slightest reflection on the loyalty or valor of Colonels Burwell and Talbot; for the former is allowed by both parties to have been a good man; and although he

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received considerable of government patronage which few at the time were competent to engage in. Nevertheless, he accumulated large tracts of well-earned land, by means of his profession as a Surveyor. Colonel Burwell left several donations of land for church and educational purposes, in different parts of the Counties of Elgin and Middlesex; and first of all is his magnificent gift to the city of London; and next to that is his liberal gift to the town of St. Thomas, which, independent of smaller acts of charity and beneficence, would now be a fortune to his respected family; and ninety-ninths of the demagogues of the present day would be willing candidates for the scuffle of the loaves and fishes offered to the victors in Canada some forty or fifty years ago. Of a truth the Governor then stood trillon on the political numeration table, the Executive Council billion, and the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly million; the Magistrates, Militia Officers and other officials thousand, and the "*vox populi vox Dei*,"—the people—at 000! It will ever be the same till the people come to know their own strength, and chase the rains, by means of the press that would bind them to such an unholy compact. Nor do I wish to detract from the merits of Colonel Talbot as a soldier or a loyalist; for at the period Colonel Burwell and himself were revolving in their mind's eye whether the Reformers or the Conservatives would gain the ascendancy. Sir Francis Bond Head, Lady Head, Mr. Provincial Secretary John Joseph, and the other little heads of the government house and government buildings, were steaming it on the bosom of Lake Ontario, to my knowledge, ready for a departure to the United States, should such a step be deemed necessary,

in such doubts and perplexity of the issue.

A short time previous to his death the Colonel removed to London, in order to be more convenient to physicians, and otherwise prepare himself for his exit from a world in which he had so long sojourned, and experienced so many of its pleasures and difficulties; for Byron says:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood;  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;  
There is society where none intrude,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

A short time before his demise, on the 23rd of February, 1853, being then 82 years of age, he ordered all his private papers to be burned, lest any individual might obtain the least clue to the writing of his life, or leave a fragment behind him to tell that such a man ever 'existed,' or formed so prominent a feature in settling more of Western Canada than all contemporaries put together. Strange coincidence that such a feeling came over him, for he could not imagine that his memory would be disregarded after death. This feeling was perhaps a weakness, a human infirmity, but it is one that clings to us all, and clings only the more firmly to those who have least to fear from dishonor or disgrace. However, when truth shall have triumphed over delusion and falsehood, and this generation shall have passed away, and the jealousies, bickerings and differences among neighbors shall have been forgotten in the grave—the common receptacle of mankind—then the name of Colonel Talbot shall be connected with the most important pages recording the settlement of Canada. Alas! poor Colonel Talbot; in how many ways are you identified with the prosperity of a country you loved so well! How many of our wealthy farmers, at the pre-

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sent time, can look back with satisfaction to the day and hour when they received your certificate as a warrantee to become lord of the soil at some distant future? How do such men, surrounded at present by abundance, narrate to their families the humor in which they found the whimsical but warm-hearted Colonel? and the terms of mutual pleasure they felt in his company, after the first salute was over. "What do you want?" The Great Western Rail Road, one of Canada's most splendid improvements, was a paternity to the old denizen of Dunwich, who first broke track in the vicinity of London, surrounded by an immense concourse of friends and fellow subjects.

Colonel Talbot bequeathed the great bulk of his property to George McBeth, Esq., M. P. P., a young man who remained with him till the period of his death, in the capacity of confidential, and thereby passed over General and Mrs. Airy, his sister's son and brother's daughter, both of whom lived with him in Dunwich some five years since, and upon rather indifferent terms of relationship. Taking everything into consideration, it is better for the country that it has fallen into the hands of Mr. McBeth, who is now disposing of it on reasonable terms to actual settlers; when if it were in the possession of General Airy, it would remain still in the hands of an absentee, rising in value in proportion to the improvement made around it, and the general welfare of the Province.

We live in a curious world, and we worldlings are not a whit less curious ourselves. We envy the fortune or good luck of our neighbors, whilst we feel vindictive if another exercises the same malevolence towards ourselves. What Colonel Talbot bestowed on his almost adopted child,

was his own, and at his disposal at his option; and no doubt but he was the best judge of the affectionate care and attention that Mr. McBeth bestowed on him for years before he died. His family had forgotten the old hermit of Dunwich, and he paid them off in their own coin, by treating them at his death in the identical manner they had treated him through life.

A few individuals labor under a strange hallucination when through malevolence or ignorance, they believe or persuade themselves that Mr. McBeth was in any other capacity with Colonel Talbot than that of confidential. At the period the Colonel accidentally fell in with Mr. McBeth he was quite a youth, and in all respects capable of drawing the attention of Colonel Talbot. He was then, from his education and other natural and acquired abilities, deemed in all respects fit to assist in the various duties of a respectable country store. In fact he was employed in that capacity, and in going to Colonel Talbot it was to better his condition, and to realize the promises that were made to him, and which were so honorably fulfilled, alike creditable to the donor and the recipient; for the Colonel kept his word, and Mr. McBeth did his duty, and now enjoys the reward. But admitting that Mr. McBeth was in the most humble ranks of Colonel Talbot's domestics (which controverts itself from the fact of the proud and high-born Irishman bringing him to his table), we see no reason why his present good fortune and position should be looked upon with an envious eye, and that in a country where there is no aristocracy, save the proud aristocracy of mind, virtue and industry, which in Canada over-vaults those of ill-gotten titles, and even ancient lineage. In

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as much as some of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, some of the most eminent divines of the High Church: some of the most gifted Lawyers: a few members of the Legislative Council, and not a few of the Legislative Assembly, as well as a quota from the Executive Council, were school teachers, tailors, milkmen, day laborers, sons of private soldiers, and other classes emerging from the humbler walks of society. We met with Mr. McBeth but twice in our life, and we are ready to confess that his easy manners, and that candid and frank unwillingness to be more than what he really professed—one of the people,—deeply impressed us with respect for his private as well as public character since he has filled a station in the Councils of his adopted country. From the period Mr. McBeth has entered upon his parliamentary career, he has merited the favorable consideration of his constituents and the country generally. His votes in most cases have been liberal and independent; and, as he is young, we have every reason to hope that age and experience (aided by talent, which he possesses) will place him among some of the ornaments that shed a lustre on the Canadian Legislature. Mr. McBeth's popularity is on the increase, and from what has fallen under our observation, we can confidently assert that many of his recent political opponents will, on a future occasion, become his warmest supporters. Mr. McBeth, since he has fallen into affluence, uses the power it has given him in advancing the interests of agricultural societies, acts of benevolence, and first of all, public improvements that have a tendency to advance the welfare of the County of Elgin, and the Province generally. Such an individual is of more con-

sequence to Canada than a whole colony of useless drones, with a handle to their names, and arms, one as long and as useless as the other.

Colonel Talbot met death under the thorough conviction that one night awaits us all, and that the way to death must once be trodden by every descendant of Adam previous to entering the portals of eternity. He met his end with no maudlin sensibility, but rather with a cheerful resignation in having done his duty through a long life of trials, which was now about to close upon him forever. He sighed not for the days that were gone, neither did he wish to recall them; under the belief that when a man performed the task assigned him; that he was no more fit to tenant a world which he could calmly resign to more youthful aspirants about making their *debut* on this earthly stage upon which so many and so strange parts have been acted. He saw the grave, the resting place of the monarch and the slave, open to receive him, and like a soldier looked the common lot of his profession and his nature with complacency, exclaiming:

"I'm billeted by pale death here to remain,  
And when the trumpet sounds I'll rise and  
march again."

The mortal remains of Colonel Talbot now sleep the sleep that knows no wakening, under a plain marble slab in the lonely churchyard at Tyrconnel, where the eagle and the whippoorwill can chaunt a requiem to departed worth; whilst it will be re-echoed by Lake Erie, the forest and the skies, till Niagara ceases to pour her floods, to the distant Atlantic.

To sum up the character of Thomas Talbot in a few words.—He possessed an excitable temperament, with a warlike heart: a repulsive *hauteur*, with the kind-

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liest feelings of a generous nature. In fact, he was an oddity unknown to himself, but who, when he had once gained a friend, never lost him by any caprice of a disposition not fashioned by nature, but by circumstances which surrounded him in his daily walks through life. He was generous from nature, more than from a love of ostentation; more of a cynic in his manners than he was willing to acknowledge, and viewed the world through a false medium. Hence a good deal of asperity was attributed to a man who possessed much of the sweetness and grace of manners peculiar to a soldier and a well-bred Irishman.

### London, C. W.

This magnificent city, which so recently was occupied by the lofty pine, tall cedar and sturdy oak, is situated at the junction of the north east and east branches of the picturesque River Thames, which is navigable for steamers and other vessels from the village of Louisville, six miles east of the Town of Chatham, to where it empties into Lake St. Clair. The late Colonel M. Burwell, when representative for Middlesex some twenty years ago, exerted all his influence to make it navigable as far up as London; but the limited resources of the Province, and the want of credit at home and abroad thwarted the good intentions of this public spirited gentleman. No doubt but the subject of the inland navigation of the River Thames will be resumed once more under more favorable auspices; and thereby free access by water will be obtained between the cities of London and Detroit, as well as the eastern and western States of America, with the transatlantic cities of Great Britain, France, &c.

In 1734 General Simcoe made a tour

of Upper Canada, and when he arrived at the present site of London gave as his opinion that the forks of the Thames would be an eligible situation for a town; and it was surveyed in a few years afterwards by Colonel Burwell, and parcelled out into lots, and Colonel Talbot appointed Government Agent for their distribution and sale. Shakspeare says "a rose by any other name will smell as sweet;" and though we wont differ with the bard of Avon, nevertheless, we opine that the name of London has had its due influence on the rapid advancement of London, which was founded in 1825, and now contains a population of nearly 12,000 inhabitants; with 220 shops and stores, 48 inns and taverns, 7 schools, 9 public buildings, one church of England, one church of Rome, one church of Scotland, one Free church of Scotland, two Baptist chapels, one Methodist, one Episcopal Methodist, one N. C. Methodist, one Congregationalist, and three other places of worship.

The City of London, in another point of view, contains 348 brick houses, 760 frame houses, and about 70 log houses, containing in all 1178, and occupied by 1225 families. It has also 4 grist mills, 2 of which are propelled by steam, and the remaining 2 by water power, which give employment to 50 hands; with foundries, tanneries, planing machines, breweries, distilleries, and almost any other description of manufacturing and mechanical establishment to be met with in Europe or the neighboring Republic.

In the laying out of London great taste has been displayed; and the streets are spacious and commodious. Dundas street, which runs east and west through the centre of the city, would not suffer by a comparison with any other avenue to be

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found in Hamilton, Toronto or Montreal. The stores are superb buildings, and the rich and varied assortment of Merchandise, the production of almost every clime to be found in their interior, betoken the wealth, energy and enterprise of their proprietors. In Dundas street it may be said without jesting, that a person can purchase every article from a needle to an anchor; nay, from a gold watch to a half-penny toy; from the most costly silks, satins and broadcloths, to the most humble home-made production of the wives of our farmers; from a penny whistle to a piano; from a bride's cake you could waltz on to a gingerbread man; and from a bottle of ginger beer to a case of champagne, a case of Madeira, or a hogshead of brandy. In fact the difficulty, great as it is, consists less in recapitulating what they have, than what they have not. The church of England, church of Rome, and the large N. C. Methodist church are splendid buildings; whilst the others are well worthy of special attention, though cast in the shade by their larger and more elegant rivals. Each of these churches is attended by a numerous and respectable congregation, and the talent of their pastors evince such an education and oratory as is not seldom fall to the lot of every clergyman who makes Religion his sole employment. Some of the public buildings, such as the City Hall and Market House, erected on the Market Square, are splendid specimens of architectural elegance, and reflect credit on the citizens of NEW LONDON; whilst the Mechanics' Institute, with its elegant schools, extensive Library and large Hall, demonstrate the generous spirit and literary taste of the mechanics of the city of "young Father Thames." We believe that every Mayor of London has been a

member of the Mechanics' Institute—a circumstance that goes to prove their worth and standing. We are proud to say that the title of Honorary Member of the Institute was conferred on the writer of these pages at the time Lord Metcalfe visited that town in 1844. We were named by the Institute to draft an address to his Excellency, and which was read by our worthy friend James Farley, Esq., President of that body, at the time, and who received \$100 from the Governor General as a donation towards the Library.

After London received its name, nothing was left undone to draw around it recollections of home and its great namesake. The River, which bore an Indian name, was immediately changed into the Thames; then sprung up our Westminster and Black-friar's bridges, our Covent Garden Market, and other reminiscences that whispered home and home's earliest affections.

As we have already stated, the City of London abounds with manufactories of almost every description; and among the tanneries is that of Thomas Coyne, Esq., formerly Morrell's, which contains over sixty vats, gives employment to some score of tanners and curriers and where as good an article of leather is turned out as in any other establishment in the country.

The carriage establishment of Mr. McCulloch, recently Holmes's, is perhaps one of the most extensive in Western Canada, as regards the building of every description of vehicle, from a baby's carriage and hand sleigh to the substantial lumber waggon, the beautiful cutter and costly carriage. Mr. McCulloch gives employment to a number of ingenious me-

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chanics, who amply repay him by their magnificent workmanship, and thereby secure to him an extensive share of public patronage.

There are several Foundries in London, the oldest being that of Elijah Leonard, Esq., which commended operations some seventeen years ago, by casting 20 tons of metal annually, which has increased till it exceeds 2500 tons in 1856. The Foundry of Murray Anderson, Esq., opposite the English church, is another excellent establishment, and to which is attached an extensive Tin Shop. Mr. Anderson is, more properly speaking, engaged in the line of Hollow Ware, whilst Mr. Leonard is more in the general way of machinery; however, both foundries are always prepared to administer to the wants of the public in every article that can be obtained in similar establishments.

There are five excellent Hotels in London, the "Robinson Hall," by Mr. Bennett, "City Hall," by Mr. Smith; "Golden Ball," by Mr. Strong; "Western Hotel," by Mr. McCann, and the "North American," by Mr. Arkell. Each of these houses is conducted in a superior style, and their worthy proprietors are doing a profitable business, as their establishments are generally filled from the base to the garret.

There is another embryo hotel in the vicinity of the Great Western Railroad Station House, and which, when finished will be the third largest hotel on the continent of America. It is reported that it will contain 700 bed rooms alone, and accommodate the travelling public accordingly. If it were not for the giant strides London has taken within the last ten years, we should be inclined to doubt if such an extensive establishment would be able to

obtain the necessary support to keep it in vigorous operation.

The City of London can compete with any other city in North America, as respects the efficiency and respectability of its several Fire Companies. Among the number is Captain McBride's youthful and active Phoenix Company, with their splendid brass band; whilst the Hook and Ladder Company reflects credit on themselves and the noble forest city of the West. The other Fire Companies are also deserving of every praise. May they be like old raids, "always ready, but never wanted." The city of London, some thirty years ago, was scarcely known a mile from its centre, and the cities of Hamilton, Ottawa, and other towns of importance at the present time, might then lay claim to the dominion of the red man; now the last remnant of that once noble race, who have nigh departed to make way for the sons of the indomitable Celt and Saxon of the old world. Indeed, Canada, during the last dozen years, has advanced more in civilization, agriculture, commerce, and the arts and sciences, than any nation of ancient or modern times in a like period. True it is, many eminent Legislators, scientific agriculturists, and ingenious mechanics from the British Islands have sought a home and found it amongst us; but if one thing more than another has given an impetus to our exertions, it arises from a noble emulation that now exists between Canada and the neighboring Republic, whereby we copy what we see worthy of imitation amongst them, and fling behind us those faults and excesses that have, upon more occasions than one, darkened the horizon of a land purchased by the valor, prudence, and patriotism of a Washington, a Franklin and a Jefferson.



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The laws that govern us are of our own framing, and the men who have of late years governed the ship of state, directed her traverse course with judgment over the troubled sea of political discord; they have moored her in a peaceful haven, where she is viewed with pride and satisfaction by the chivalrous French people, and with love and affection by the British nation. How truthfully, and not less beautifully, does the inspired penman exclaim: "Where dwelleth the spirit of God, there dwelleth also the spirit of liberty."

London, as we have stated before, is far advanced beyond the limits of our most sanguine expectations; her population of 12,000 souls; her Great Western Railroad; her Port Stanley and London Railroad, as well as her contemplated junction with the Grand Trunk Line, will open still further facilities for the development of her great agricultural and commercial resources; when the city of London, at no far distant period may, in all human probability, become the first nucleus of a mighty empire. That crisis in the destiny of Canada is, however, far removed from human ken; though it does not require the books of the Sibyls to tell the distant future, for our connection will continue till England (what she never will do) drives us to independence. At present we enjoy more rational liberty than any nation in the universe; in fact, we are not a colony in reality, though possessing all the advantages, with the proud privileges of self government.—A protected appendage of a powerful nation, enjoying the freedom of our own wholesome and salutary laws.

#### St. Thomas.

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer the laboring  
swain."

This rapidly rising town is 18 miles

south of London, and within 9 miles of Port Stanley, on the shores of Lake Erie. It is the capitol of the County of Elgin, and took its name from the founder of the settlement, Thomas Talbot, and is situated on the south bank of Kettle Creek, which takes its source from a large marsh in Dorchester. "Kettle Creek" was known to the Indians by the name of *Kasinsaugh*, but upon one occasion the aborigines making sugar, lost one of their necessaries, and had just sufficient knowledge of the English language to call upon the Great Spirit to punish the "Creek" where they lost their "Kettle" in the spring of the year.

The scenery of St. Thomas cannot be surpassed in any of the adjacent Counties; and the soil of the Township of Yarmouth is unrivalled in United Canada. The Court House is a very respectable building, as is also the Town Hall, the base of which is used for a Market House. The Episcopal, Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches are well attended; but we regret to say that some of them ill comport with their wealthy and influential congregations. London, in this respect, is a model for almost every town and city in Western Canada.

During the scrambles for a division of the District, a good deal of trouble and expense was shared by a few spirited individuals, such as Dr. George South, M. P. P., David Parish, Esq., Reeve of St. Thomas, John McKay, Esq., Registrar of the County, Murdoch McKenzie, Esq., Daniel Hanvy, Wm. Ross, Daniel Drake, Benjamin Drake, Thomas Hodges, Esqs., and L. C. Kearney, of the "Canadian Freeman," who, in the language of the Hamilton "Spectator," "advocated the movement with an ability that done credit to his head and heart." However, these



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were some, who now enjoy the general welfare of St. Thomas and the surrounding neighborhood, who signed money to carry out the intentions of the committee but left it to be paid by others, whilst Mr. Parish boldly asserts that none could be capable of such a mean act but the "old naturalist," to show his wonted selfishness. The stores in St. Thomas are well filled with every article the country requires, and really with some goods that could well be spared, as an unnecessary luxury. But our settlers are wealthy and can afford those extra comforts; they labor for them, pay for them, and long may they live to enjoy them. The magnificent establishment of Messrs. Roe & Brothers, the "Metcalf Building," is not surpassed by any other house in the Province; it contains three departments filled with Dry Goods, Hardware and Groceries, and still they are but one in reality, as a commodious passage conveys the customer from one mercantile department to another, as well as each having a mean entrance from Talbot-st. Roe & Brothers are doing a splendid business, and we are delighted to know it, because if urbanity, moderate prices, and a large and well assorted stock of goods can insure a share of public patronage the Messrs. Roe & Brothers will not fail to command it.

The store of Mr. Daniel D. Harnett, opposite the Mansion House, is well stocked with fancy articles of Ladies' apparel, cloths, silks, satins, muslins and satinets of various qualities. Ready made clothing, with a choice assortment of groceries and liquors. Mr. Harnett is attentive and obliging to all who honor him with their confidence; and the extensive patronage he has received during the present year is one of the best criterions

to judge of his prices and the quality of his merchandize.

The new brick store recently erected by Mr. William Coyne is also well filled with the best description of Dry Goods and Groceries, upon an extensive scale. And from the well known standing of Mr. Coyne, as a merchant of sterling integrity, our readers will easily perceive that he does a safe and profitable business.

The store of Mr. James Begg, in the east end of Talbot street, does an extensive trade in the Dry Goods and Grocery line; but, similar to Mr. Coyne, he does not traffic in the sale of liquors, though he occasionally does a smart trade in the lumber branch of the varied avocations of a Canadian Merchant. Mr. Begg is a very extensive trader, and the extensive patronage he has invariably received, since his commencement in business some fifteen years since, betoken the confidence reposed in him by the inhabitants of St. Thomas, and the adjacent Townships.

Among the several Tailor Shops with which St. Thomas abounds; the Merchant Tailor's establishment of Mr. Cruise demands a passing notice. It is supplied with a well selected stock of superfine cloths, a quantity of ready-made clothing of his own making up, and other fancy articles in the haberdashery trade. To this we may add, upon the authority of a much better connoisseur than ourself, that in all probability there is not a better or a more trusty mechanic in Canada. Cruise's Merchant Tailor shop is two doors east of the stores of Messrs. White & Mitchell.

The accommodations to be found by the traveling community in St. Thomas are equal to what can be obtained in other new County towns. However, the Man-

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sign House has lost nothing of its former good name and standing, and for some good reasons; first, Mr. Daniel Thompson is the proprietor; secondly, his beds, table and liquors are of the best description; and lastly, Kiley's Mail Stages arriving and departing therefrom all contribute to the support it so richly deserves.

Among the several establishments which meet the eye in every street in St. Thomas, it could not be supposed that we would leave unnoticed the three splendid Foundries, which, while they do credit to the town, show proof positive of the wealth and comfort of the surrounding neighborhood.

The long established Foundry of John Sells, Esq., is an extensive building, from which is turned out Threshing Machines, Steam Engines, Mill Gearings, Ploughs, Stoves, and every article of Hollow ware required in the country, and which is not inferior to what can be found elsewhere.

The Foundry of Messrs Hunt & Stacy does also an extensive business, and the various articles of machinery manufactured by them, as well as the castings of every description of hollow ware, go far to demonstrate that opposition is the bone and sinew of trade, and that where it does not exist, there is a likelihood of imposition to a greater or less extent being practised upon the public. The Messrs. Hunt & Stacy, like Mr. Sells, are practical machinists; and all the articles coming from their establishment, undergo the inspection of the proprietors, and thereby affords a guarantee to the purchasers of their durability and quality.

The establishment of Wm. Richardson, Esq., in connexion with that of Messrs. Hunt & Stacy does also an extensive business in Machinery of every descrip-

tion, and Hollow ware required by the Canadian public; and as none but the most scientific workmen are employed, it is easily to believe that nothing inferior to his contemporaries is allowed to escape from his premises. Mr. Richardson is a gentlemanly young man, and the extensive patronage he has received since his commencement in this line of trade, goes far to show the quality of what is manufactured at his Foundry, and the liberal charges required therefor.

The advertisements of these several gentlemen will be found in the latter end of this work; whilst we ask for each an attentive perusal from a liberal and enlightened public.

Living in the midst of such progressive improvement, with the London and Port Stanley Rail Road passing through our town, as well as the certainty of the Southern Rail Road commencing next spring, have we not every reason to augur that St. Thomas will become what London is to the Great Western—the emporium of the contemplated new line? It is very true that our great natural resources have lain undeveloped for years owing to our own supineness; but at length the trumpet of St. Thomas's resurrection has gone forth from the Niagara frontier along the margin of Lake Erie, till its last blast is heard at Amherstburgh, and echoed to the Railroad of the neighboring Republic. In fact, the Southern Railroad will be the great arbiter of this section of the Province, and the generating and terminating link that will bring a portion of the wealth of the Eastern and Western States of America into Canada. And the yeomanry and the inhabitants along the contemplated route are chiefly indebted to Dr. George Southwick and George McBeth, Esq., the representatives of East

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and West Elgin for this inestimable blessing. Both of these gentlemen have a standing and influence in the Provincial Parliament, and have a phalanx of friends among that body; and without such due influence no man, or even ten, can ever expect any achievement for their constituents. The chimerical idea of going to Parliament under the impression of obtaining all we ask for, without being willing to make concessions to our allies in the House of Assembly, is the surest way to effect nothing. The representatives of Elgin saw that at a glance, and directed and carried their measures to the goal of public expectancy. And long may glorious young Elgin feel proud of the independence and worth of such honored Representatives. We do not wish to detract from the merits of Mr. Rankin, of Essex; but then his want of influence and the principles he adopted were ill-suited to command the consideration of a House composed of a heterogeneous mass of politicians, religionists and races. Our members saw this at a glance—became popular, and triumphed.

### Vienna, Port Burwell, and Port Bruce.

BY L. C. KEARNEY.

The forest yields to the pale faces' stroke,  
And the red man flees from the white man's yoke;

But ere he turned he saw the proud oak nod  
To the Great Spirit—the poor Indian's God.

Slowly and sadly he turned a last look  
To his hunting grounds hard by the brook;  
And the rivulet once so joyous to view,  
Where he and his bride oft paddled their light canoe.

Time passed by, and the hollow heart came,  
With deceit on his tongue—his honor a name;  
Put his hand on his heart, raised his eyes on high,

To tell the poor Indian, God dwelt in the sky.

But lo! a sigh from the red man's breast arose,  
As he lied from the spot where his fathers repose;

To find a more propitious hunting spot,  
Where the wrongs of the pale face will haunt him not.

Where with his Cors, on some new found shore,

He'll ne'er behold the heartless pale face more;  
But little he thinks as he turns from Erie's lake,

That the wily pale face follows in his wake.

Yes, he follows his career with conquest wild,

Till not one foot is left for the forest child;  
Till neither streamlet, hill or shady bower,  
But the Great Spirit yields to the white man's power.

Yes, alas! he came with fire-water and oily tongue,

To tell what he knew, and what he did not he sung;

For his object was the conquest of both land and wave,

Till not one spot was left for the red man's grave.

### Port Burwell.

Port Burwell is a pretty and flourishing little town on the northern shore of Lake Erie, and possesses a good harbor, owing in a great measure to the spirited exertions of the late Colonel Mahlon Burwell, M. P. P., from whom it derived its name. Vessels from various sections of Upper and Lower Canada, as well as the United States of America, are daily arriving and departing from the harbor of Port Burwell, during the season of navigation, freighted with wheat, lumber and other productions of the country.

Port Burwell has some well-filled stores excellent mechanics, two respectable hotels, two or three churches with resident clergymen, a post office, some three steam

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mills, and other accommodations that betoken the energy and activity of its inhabitants, who seem only to rival each other in advancing the prosperity and commercial interest of this favored old spot. As in other small towns and villages of Western Canada, the inhabitants lack not for a share of Lawyers, Doctors and Preachers—another sign that the town must be thriving, for it is not always they are to be found in the woods; like many others, they are fond of company and good society, in order that their manners may not get rusticated, or their outward man betoken the loss of corn in Egypt.

### Vienna.

Within three miles from Port Burwell, and nearly the same distance from the Lake, is a much larger town; it has several excellent stores, and does an extensive business in the lumber trade, owing to the township of Bayham, in which both places are situated, not being exceeded in the Province for pinerics. The new Gravel Road between Vienna and Port Burwell, affords great facilities for the transportation of lumber and other commodities from the former to the latter place. Its Taverns are comfortable; its three churches are well attended; a batch of Lawyers grace the scene; some three Physicians to administer their "*agua marabalis*;" a Post Office, well attended to; with carpenters, wagon and cabinet, blacksmith, shoemaker and tailor shops in abundance, as well as an excellent Foundry, and extensive Tannery, &c.

The Foundry of Messrs. H. Sells & Co. well merits the great and extensive patronage it receives from Vienna and the adjacent country. The firm are all scientific machinists in their respective

departments, as connected with such an establishment. They put their hand to the plough themselves, and drive, with the assistance of other mechanics, every description of castings for carriages, wagons, thimble arms, ploughs; stoves, sugar kettles, engines repaired or made to order; and, best, of all, their extensive establishment is carried on by means of the best engine lathes, pattern lathes, circular saws, upright saws, and all other implements required by Mill proprietors, farmers and mechanics. We wish our readers to visit the gentlemanly proprietors of the Vienna Foundry whether as patrons, or wishing to see what is going on, and we are satisfied they will not lose their time; and if they purchase, they will bring from the establishment as good an article as can be found in older establishments of Western Canada. Taking Vienna all and all, and we don't know of a more prosperous little town in Elgin or Middlesex.

### Port Bruce,

In the County of Elgin, is a beautiful and thriving village, midway between Port Stanley and Port Burwell, where the River Catfish disembogues itself into Lake Erie. The soil in its immediate vicinity cannot be surpassed by any other section of Western Canada,—a sample of the wheat from the adjacent County having taken the prize at the World's Fair, London, England, and which could not be equalled by Europe or the States of America. Port Bruce affords great encouragement to Capitalists, manufacturers, merchants, and mechanics, owing to its being settled to the north by the Townships of Malahide and Dorchester, and to the east and west by Bayham and Yarmouth. The Catfish, at all



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seasons of the year, contains an average depth of water from 13 to 17 feet near its outlet; and by a survey made by the Hon. Hamilton Killaly, in 1844, it was pronounced to be the best site for a harbor on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie. The Port Bruce and Aylmer Gravel Road is completed to the latter rising town on Talbot Street; nay, almost completed to the Great Western Railroad, where they have formed a junction; whilst the contemplated Port Bruce, Sparta and London Gravel Road, for which the stock is nearly taken up, will open a new field of speculation for its enterprising originators, Messrs. Amasa Lewis and Lindley Moore, as well as for the Port Bruce Harbor Company, whose united exertions cannot fail to promote the speedy advancement of the village. Three years ago there was not a tree cut on the site of Port Bruce; now we find a couple of nice country stores, a few mechanics' shops, several dwelling houses, and as good and commodious a hotel as there is in the County of Elgin, as regards the enjoyment of its table or cellar, and all other internal arrangements necessary for the comfort of travellers, or the many mechanics who are connected with the harbor, ship-building, or the erection of houses. Port Bruce, also, enjoys the advantage of a magnificent steam saw mill which cost nearly \$9,000, the property of Messrs. Brown and McDonald, of the City of Hamilton. Several thousand bushels of wheat were shipped last season from the extensive warehouse of Messrs. Lewis and Moore, as well as a large quantity of lumber; and Charles Fraser, Esq., has just completed another splendid warehouse of three stories in height. The Steamer Ploughboy, Captain Hollywood, Commander, plying between Port Stanley

and Buffalo, as well as the Steamer Telegraph, Captain Barrow Commander, plying between Cleveland and Buffalo, make regular trips to Port Bruce, and are well patronized from that section of their route. The Harbor can now accommodate vessels of the largest tonnage on the Lakes; and every thing betokens that the proprietors will reap ample remuneration for the capital invested, and the difficulties they have so nobly overcome.

### Aylmer,

Is a beautiful and rising village in the Township of Malahide, and took its name from Lord Aylmer, an Irish nobleman, who was Governor General of British North America in 1834. It is 12 miles east of St. Thomas, on the Great Talbot Street, and has a population of about 800 inhabitants. The township of which Aylmer is the head town, has an abundance of Mills driven by water and steam power, for the manufacture of flour and lumber; and of the latter commodity not less than 8,000,000 of feet are turned out annually from the Saw Mills.

Aylmer has three good houses for public worship, several excellent stores, good carriage, waggon and shoe maker, tailor, and other shops; with a good foundry and a pretty school house. There are also some excellent hotels, well and respectably kept, with other conveniences requisite for the wants of a respectable community. The soil in the township of Malahide is excellent, and from the general appearance of the farm, the excellence of the houses and barns, there can be little reason to doubt of the taste, respectability and industry of its population.

Aylmer, with other accommodations, has the advantage of a well kept Post

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Office, under the management of P. Hodgkinson, Esq.; whilst St. Thomas owes much of its prosperity to the trade that flows from the township of Malahide, in the shape of vast quantities of lumber, shingles, and other commodities; the produce of that enterprising section of Elgin, not many years ago tenanted by the red man, and traversed by the prowling wolf, the grim bear, and the fleet and timid buck and doe.

It is a well known and established fact, that the old settlers had great difficulty to contend with in the early settlement of the Talbot country. Lack of roads, markets, and in fact, as an old and valued friend will have it, to pay their taxes by means of the manufacture of "black salts," the only available article, after the war of 1815, that could command a shilling. The wheat, pork, beef, butter, &c., were below par; now they not only appease hunger, but command as high prices as in any section of Europe. Here we sit down under our "own vine and fig tree," acknowledging no master but the Divine Author of our existence.

### Temperanceville.

Temperanceville is within three miles of Aylmer, on the Talbot Road, towards the town of St. Thomas. It is situated in Malahide, and similar to its larger rival, is surrounded by a rich part of the beautiful township. In Temperanceville can be found a few mechanics' shops, a meeting house, a post office, kept by Daniel Sutherland, Esq., the oldest and perhaps one of the wealthiest merchants of the Township. We don't by this infer that our esteemed friend Mr. Sutherland is old; but as he commenced business extensively in 1843, and since that time has increased in wealth and popularity, we will

place him, as did the old woman, who ever kept her daughter, to the tune of darning sixteen. In 1843 Mr. Sutherland, then a young man, opened his store in Temperanceville, and shortly afterwards obtained for that village the facility of a Post Office for himself and the surrounding neighborhood; and well do we recollect it, that few were better pleased of it than Kearney of the "Canadian Freeman," who was then struggling for a division of the London District, now the Counties of Elgin and Middlesex.

The township of Malahide can vie with any other in the Province, as regards soil and climate; and then the beauty of the buildings and extent of its magnificent farms bespeak the enterprise and industry of its peasantry.

In this township resides Thos. Locker, Esq., Warden of the County, who reflects credit on both his native and adopted country, as a good farmer, an honest man and staunch friend,

Since writing the above, Mr. Locker has retired honorably from the Council; and is replaced by Randolph Johnson, Esq., of Yarmouth. The appointment of this popular gentleman to the Wardenship reflects the highest credit on the Elgin County Council, who, in choosing this self-made individual for his present important station, has the advantage of an able financier, an old Reeve, a capital debater, and a man of long and tried integrity, both socially and politically, as evinced by the severe ordeal of public opinion.

### Fingal,

Is one of the most enterprising villages in the County of Elgin, and is 7 miles west of St. Thomas, on Talbot Street. The

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soil in the township of Southwold is higher than that of Yarmouth, but little, if any, inferior in point of fertility and scenery,

Fingal possesses several well-filled stores, some three chapels, a new steam saw mill, recently erected by Captain Pollock, a sufficient number of cabinet, shoe, tailor, carpenter, wagon, and other shops, with a splendid foundry and tannery.

The Tannery of James McLaughlin, Esq., J. P., turns out as superior an article of Canadian manufacture as can be found in the Colony; and little wonder, for he has had good practice for years in his own splendid establishment in Glasgow, Scotland,

The Foundry of McPherson, Glasgow, & Co. requires no encomiums from us. Its standing for years, the mechanical skill of the partners, as well as their assistants, evince from a discerning public what indubitable Scotch perseverance are capable of accomplishing.

It is said, this establishment, for its size and extent, is equal to any similar establishment in this section of this country.

The roads through all sections of Southwold are studded with the best of houses and buildings, whilst the gardens and orchards are unsurpassed in this Province. The climate of Elgin and Middlesex is milder than the sections of country north and east, therefore better crops of grain and fruit can be obtained than in other Counties north and east of the granary of Canada.

The houses and stores of Fingal look well, whilst the residence of Robert Blackwood, Esq., is a perfect model in itself; in fact, among the number of good

mercantile establishments, his bears off the palm. Fingal has taken a good start, and if it does not arise from the slothfulness of its inhabitants, is destined to take a second position in the County of Elgin. The fact of its being in proximity with the flourishing township of Aldboro, where as yet there has been no village of consequence commenced, is another impetus to its speedy advancement. Adding to all these facts we are happy to know that Mr. Robert Blackwood is laying out a part of his farm in village lots, and which are finding a ready market among its present population of above 600 inhabitants, as well as the strangers who are daily crowding its streets.

### The Junction.

This thriving village, recently known as "Reynold's Corner," after its enterprising founder, James Reynolds, Esq., is on the direct road between the city of London and St. Thomas, six miles south of the former, twelve miles north of the latter, and six miles east of the village of Delaware, on the southern bank of the River Thames. It contains a population of 500 inhabitants, has three small stores, three taverns, a couple of groceries, a good grist mill, post office, painters, boot and shoe, carriage, carpenter, blacksmith and chair shops, &c.

The Junction, located in the township of Westminster, so favorably known throughout the length and breadth of Canada, ought to, and has had its due influence in bringing it forward, but then the giant in its vicinity will give it scarcely time to breathe; and fortunate enough must be the infant that is not strangled in its cradle by its more powerful rival. It has, and always will be the case, that when any place has got a goods tart, the

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inhabitants of it will throw every obstacle in the way of their rivals behind them; and in nine cases out of ten they are likely to succeed though not upon all occasions. In 1835, '36 and '37 there was a deadly war waged between the old County town of Niagara and the village of St. Catherines. The officials, as the Dicksons, Richardsons, Campbells, and Clauses resided at the head town of the District, but, a host in himself, now, the Hon. Wm. Hamilton Merritt stayed at St. Catherines. It is now a city filled with palaces and stores that princes might trade in, whilst Niagara, once the seat of the Canadian Government, may be likened to some place occupied by horse thieves and cyprians, who had left the place in utter despar. Let no rising village sit down with folded arms; St. Catherines is a model for all; and if you can only find one Hamilton Merritt and Allen McNab, we will guarantee you towns and cities wherever you will find us such enterprising individuals. Then let no villagers be dismayed if they only take a retrospective view of St. Catherines and Hamilton some twenty years ago.

### Delaware,

Is twelve miles west from London on the River Thames, and about eighteen miles west of St. Thomas. It is rather a small village, taking into consideration its length of days; yet the soil and locality are excellent. It has a few stores, two or three taverns, and several mechanics' shops, such as blacksmiths, shoe makers, tailors, carpenters, and others too numerous to mention. There are two churches in the village of Delaware,—that of the Episcopal, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Richard Flood, of Delaware, a gentleman and scholar. Delaware, though

built on a level square of ground, is overlooked by a hill to the east and west. The western view is made from the residence of our friend Holdcroft Clench, Esq., Warden of Middlesex, than where a more beautiful scenery of the Thames and the village below cannot present itself from Quebec to Sandwich.

There are two settlements of Indians in the vicinity of Delaware; the one the Oneidas, who sold to the American Government their lands, and purchased near Delaware from the Canadian Executive in 1839 the lands they now so beautifully occupy. The Munceytown Indians reside on their own lands, and appear to be of a much inferior race to their red brothers from the neighboring Republic. Perhaps these causes may have tended to retard the progress of Delaware; but, whether or not, Colonel Mount Tiffany, his father-in-law, and others who laid the foundation of the village were untrue prophets if they anticipated a city.

### Wardsville,

Is a thriving village in the township of Mosa, in the County of Middlesex, and situated on the northern bank of the river Thames, half way between the City of London and the Town of Chatham. It took its name from its first settlers, an Irish family named Ward. It has 8 or 9 fine stores, a couple of groceries, and several mechanics' shops, such as wagon makers, carpenters, tailors, etc., with 3 churches, Catholic, Protestant and Presbyterian. The first under the charge of the very Rev. Dean Kirwan, of London; the second under that of the Rev. John Gunno, of Zone; and the last officiated at by occasional visitants.

The store of H. R. Archer, Esq, who keeps the Post Office, is well filled, and



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dees, as its proprietor deserves, a splendid business in the dry goods, grocery, liquor and hardware line. Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Strathy are also well supplied, and do a good business in their respective stores. The remaining 6 stores do a thriving business also.

When St Thomas and Wardsville made a great ado as to which should be the head town of Elgin, it was resolutely contended by some of the friends of the latter place, as well as their next door neighbors of Aldboro, that the division should take place north and south, and thereby afford a lake frontage to both; whilst the St. Thomasites, marshalled by better generals, had it to take place east and west, and it was done accordingly. We have little doubt but the Wardsvillites were right at the time, and if they have only sufficient courage, manhood and perseverance, throw the 12th of July to the winds, when they should be thinking of their several interests; and in justice to Wardsville and a portion of the County of Kent, a new division will take place running north and south, and then no section of the London District will be left without a Lake frontage. Then a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, and the object is attained.

### Iona,

Is a small village in the township of Southwold and Dunwich, being located on the town-line between both. It has 3 country stores, 2 taverns, and a few mechanics' shops and dwelling houses. The land that surrounds IONA is of the best quality, and the settlers in the vicinity are composed of a heterogeneous mass of English, Irish, Scotch, Nova Scotians and Americans, many of whom can be ranked with some of the best farmers in

Canada. The settlement adjacent to Iona can date its commencement with Colonel Talbot, and from that time to the present they have been advancing steadily, till now their dwellings, orchards and farms cannot readily be surpassed by any section of Canada or the United States.

During the life-time of the late George Elliott, Esq., of Southwold, and afterwards when Win. Casey, Esq., became his son-in-law, it was wished and hoped that Iona should bear the name of Elliottville; but both my friends and countrymen have "passed the bourne," and it matters them not by whom or by which the little hamlet is designated.

Indeed I fear there is too much of an itching desire for every man to tell, think and bestow his name to posterity. I may be accused by and by in my road between Wardsville and Chatham, but let us all think and believe kindly of each other; and in the words of the illustrious founder of the Persian empire, "oh, mortal man! whoever thou art, and whensoever thou comest, know that I am Cyrus the Great, founder of the Persian Empire! Envy me not the little dust that covers my body!"

### Thamesville,

Is rather an insignificant village on the River Thames, and received its name from the writer of these sketches, and at the time obtained a post office for the little hamlet, where resided the late Nathan Cornwall, Esq., and who, like his father, represented the County of Kent in the Councils of the Province:

Thamesville has a grist mill, a tannery, store and tavern, with other little facilities necessary for the neighborhood. What brings Thamesville more into notice, is the circumstance of its being near

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the site of the battle of the Thames between General Harrison of the American army and the dastardly Granby Proctor, on the part of the British. It was here the brave Tecumseh fell;—a man who, even though laboring under the disadvantages of birth, education, and other opportunities enjoyed by the white man, shed a halo of glory around his memory and his race.

### Louisville.

Five miles west of Thamesville, and six above Chatham, is the head of the navigation of the Thames. It has not improved for several years, and if any growth has taken place at all it is like the "cow's tail"—downwards. Louisville has, however, a couple of stores, a couple of taverns, a grist mill, and a few mechanics' shops, and a post office, etc. After harvest, and in the spring the place is lively, owing to an occasional schooner arriving there for the transport of wheat to its proper destination. The land on every side of it is not surpassed by any other section of the fertile County of Kent.

### Sandwich,

Is the capital town of the County of Essex, where terminates the great Falbot Street. It is as old as Methuselah's granny's cat, and as wretched a looking County town as Niagara. For the life of us we can't call them anything but a miserable pair, who tamely look on, whilst all other sections of the Province are founding hamlets, towns and cities. However, Sandwich has in course of erection a new Court House and Gaol, which will add something to the appearance of the place. It has a few stores, a brewery, three or four inns, two or three groccrics,

and a couple of good churches. The Catholic church is a splendid building, whilst the Church of England is also a respectable structure. There are some boot and shoe shops, as well as a few blacksmith, carpenter, tailor, wagon makers and cabinet makers shops, etc. Nevertheless, from the date of its commencement, we cannot say but there must be something wrong, or that its population are behind the age of reason or improvement, as Sandwich has been a County, or District town for nearly the last century; in fact, "*petit cote*" is as old as Detroit, and that city was founded at the same period that Quebec and Montreal were settled by French emigrants. But it is not what Sandwich was, but what it is now, that concerns our immediate researches. Therefore, gentle reader, be not surprised when you are informed that it contains a mixed population of English and French of about 379 souls, men, women and children, engaged in commerce, handy craft, medicine, law, county offices and Gospel.

### Windsor,

Is a small little village on the River Detroit, on the Canada side, and directly opposite the beautiful city of that name. It is the terminus of the Great Western Railroad, and contains three or four stores, the like number of taverns, with three or four other trifling et ceteras, not worth writing about, and if written not worth the trouble of reading. Like Sandwich, it is chiefly occupied by French *habitans*, and ill contrasts with the magnificent city of Detroit, the joint production of Yankées, Celts and Saxons.

Two small steamers ply every ten minutes between Windsor and Detroit, and are amply patronized by travelers be-

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### Simcoe, at present Norfolk.

Simcoe, the capital of the county of Norfolk, is surrounded by a wealthy and beautiful section of country. The soil is for the most part sandy, but yields as good crops as any part of Canada, owing to the care, skill and perseverance of its yeomanry, who are not excelled in any other part of the Province for their knowledge in the general principles of agriculture, and the breeding of every description of live stock. Simcoe derived its name from the first Governor of Upper Canada; but recently, the wise men of Gotham, for some inexplicable reason, bestowed on it the name of Norfolk. It has some excellent stores, a few comfortable hotels, with the other appurtenances of mechanics' shops to be found in towns having the same population, which amounts to about 3,100 inhabitants. The Gaol and Court House is a miserable affair, though it is the only public building worthy of a passing notice. It contains an Episcopal church, a Methodist and a Baptist meeting house, and a church of Scotland, all of which are well attended, though their appearance ill comports with the wealth or spirit of Norfolk and the adjacent neighborhood. The soil of the County of Norfolk is generally of a light sandy loam; but then the skill of its farmers enables it to bring forth as good wheat as is raised in any section of the Province. Norfolk is one of the most healthful Counties in Canada; and the pure springs with which it abounds cannot be surpassed by those of any other country in the world.

Vittoria, the former capital of the immense tract of land designated the London District, is rather an indifferent vil-

lage, if we revert to its former bright prospects. It has a few good stores, a couple of taverns, a half dozen of mechanics' shops, a post office, and churches of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist denominations.

The principle attraction in Vittoria is the magnificent Norfolk Mills and its extensive distillery. It is six stories high, and has four run of stones, and propelled by a number of living streams, which are collected in one vast reservoir. This extensive establishment, with the magnificent farm attached thereto, is the property of Henry Anderson, Esq., than whom a more staunch friend or a truer patriot Canada cannot reckon among her sons.

### Township of Aldboro.

This is the most western section of the County of Elgin, and is bounded on the south by Lake Erie, on the north by the River Thames, on the east by the township of Dunwich, and on the west by the township of Orford, where commences the County of Kent. The soil of Aldboro is of a sandy loam, and yields abundant crops of wheat, oats, barley, Indian corn, hay, and all other description of grain, vegetables and fruit peculiar to the most fertile parts of Western Canada. It is chiefly inhabited by emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, who, similar to all other descendants of the old Celtic race, are proverbial for their hospitality and love of independence. No difficulties can oppose their onward course, and the fruitful fields by which they are surrounded on every side, betoken the exertions of the patient and hard settlers, who in exile, have themselves from "the land of the leather, the mountain and the flood," have, by perseverance and industry, felled

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the forests of Canada till they enjoy comfort and happiness in their new homes; far alas! from the beloved land where the bones of their fathers repose.

There are two small rising villages in Aldboro, one named Glasgow, and the other Erieville. They are in an infant state, but the surrounding settlements being numerous and wealthy, there is every probability of their becoming thriving villages, at no very distant date.

### Port Stanley.

This small town is nine miles south of St. Thomas, on the shores of Lake Erie; and, for its size, does a considerable trade from the United States, and several parts of Canada. The Great Western Railroad has greatly affected its commercial advantages; but it is expected that the London & Port Stanley Railroad, when in operation, will divert a great traffic to this little town, so long neglected by those whose advantage it was to advance its energy and prosperity. Port Stanley has several good stores, and among the best are those of Alexander Hodge and Samuel Price, Esqs.; a few splendid warehouses, an Episcopal, a Presbyterian and Roman Catholic church, a foundry, three good hotels, one of which is kept by Mr. Samuel Cole, in a very respectable manner. This town has the advantage of several good mechanics' shops, a few groceries, a druggist shop, a stationer's shop, as well as a couple of steamers plying between Cleveland and Buffalo, and the intermediate ports on the Canada shore.

The store of John Henderson, Esq., is well filled with every description of merchandize in the grocery trade, as well as all manner of stationery, comprising works of ancient and modern history,

school books, and the most approved authors of light reading, with all other articles to be found in book stores, and which may be required by an intelligent public. The post office is also well and creditably kept by Mr. Henderson, and we trust the department throughout the Province may be placed under similar management—the duties carried on without censure, and, like Cæsar's wife, free from even the imputation of it.

During the season of shipping and storing wheat, Port Stanley is quite a business place; but during the winter months trade is paralyzed, or frozen nearly as bad as the Lake, or dirty "Kettle Creek." Upon several occasions large sums of money were squandered upon the harbor; but in those good old days of corruption and misrule; it was enough that the people should pay taxes, and trouble themselves no further concerning the method it was expended by their unrelenting task-masters. The township, at that eventful crisis in the destiny of poor struggling Canada, had no Rendolph Johnson as a Magistrate of Elgin or a Reeve of Yarmouth. No, no! Colone John Bostwick was head of the Train bands, Collector of Customs, Post Master, Justice of the Peace, Harbor Master, and "tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!" Yankee pedlar in the staple commodity designated lip loyalty.

How the affairs of Port Stanley were then carried on, can be best judged by those who were compelled to dismiss unprofitable servants during the administration of Lord Durham, and by the few residents of that town who could scarcely for love or money obtain as much ground as would enable an individual to build a house on. However, when the Railroad



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goes into operation next summer we trust the Iron Horse, in his rapid flight, will usher a brighter and more propitious star to direct its future destiny.

### Union.

This beautiful village is half way between St. Thomas and Port Stanley. It has some three stores, a few mechanics' shops, a good hotel, and a couple of woollen manufactories—one, the property of James Haight, Esq., and the other that of — Green, Esq. Mr. Green's store is well filled, and does an extensive trade for a country establishment; whilst the neighborhood also enjoys the convenience of a post office attended to by the same honest and energetic gentleman. The Union is but five years in existence, still it is a lively little place, owing to its inhabitants being industrious, as well as being surrounded by a thickly settled section of the township of Yarmouth. The London and Port Stanley Gravel Road runs through Union, as well as other leading roads from the surrounding neighborhood; all of which have a tendency to advance its rapid growth.

### Chatham.

The head town of the County of Kent, and where may be called the end of the navigation of the River Thames, is a growing town of giant importance. It is surrounded by a fertile section of land on every side; but perhaps owing to the level country, there is more reason to fear from intermittent and remittent fevers. Chatham has a population of about 6,000 inhabitants, with some beautiful churches, to wit, those of England, Rome, Baptist, Methodist, 3 Presbyterian and others. Its shops and stores are equal to many in London, Hamilton,

and Toronto, and do as good and as spirited a business. The Court House and Gaol is an excellent building, and their Grammar School is equal if not superior to any institution of the kind in the city of London. The Physicians of Chatham are equal to those of St. Thomas, as the former town can boast of such eminent gentlemen as D. Robertson, Dr. Barr, Dr. Donnelly, Dr. Douglass, and some others, whilst we will allow the Lawyers and Preachers of both towns to make battle for themselves as best it may suit them.

Vessels from all parts of the upper and lower lakes are to be seen daily entering the port of Chatham during the season of navigation; and previous to the establishment of the Great Western Railway a couple of steamers were wont to ply daily between it and the city of Detroit.

The land in the vicinity of Chatham can be favorably compared with any in the Province; but then the settlers on the River Thames, for miles above and below the town, are so debilitated from fever and ague that much of their natural energies are impaired; though it is not so in the interior of the townships through which "Bear Creek" and the River Thames passes rapidly. The sluggishness of the Thames above and below Chatham is the chief cause. Chatham owes a great deal of its prosperity to the energy and indomitable perseverance of Messrs. Walter and William Eberts, Builders and Proprietors of Steam Boats and Schooners, and fortunate and enterprising merchants.

Chatham contains several Mills, some driven by water-power, but the greater part by steam. It embraces saw mills and grist mills, tanneries, breweries, distilleries, and in fact all the smaller

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branches of mechanical industry. The hydraulic privileges of the Thames can never be injured by the "Iron horse," for we find in several parts of the United States where a Railroad and a Canal are upon a parallel line, and within a few yards of each other, yet sufficient employment for both. And so it will be with all our Canadian waters after the *mania* of Railroad building has subsided, our Lakes and Rivers will once more be called into operation, and that with renewed energy; when Chatham cannot fail to reap her share of the river and the lakes, and in all probability the inland navigation by Canal to the city of London;—once the favorite scheme of the late worthy Colonel M. Burwell, M. P., will be once more brought on the carpet and nobly accomplished.

**McKELLAR & DOLSEN'S MILL**, Chatham, C. W.—The splendid establishment of these two worthy individuals, is situated on the south bank of the river Thames, and we might also say near the heart of the Municipality of Chatham. It embraces a beautiful Turning Shop, on an extensive scale; Lath Saw, and Shingle Machine, Planing Machine, Siding & Flooring Machine, 2 Upright Saws, a Cross Cut Saw, and Edger, &c.

This establishment turns out, during the sawing season, about 2,000,000 feet of Lumber; and at the present time there must be no less than 1,000,000 feet, viz. of black walnut and whitewood lumber on hand. The walnut has perhaps never been exceeded on this continent.

Mr. McKellar is so well and universally known for his philanthropy and love of the "*amor patriæ*," and that of his adopted country, that to recommend his honesty and benevolence to our readers, would be an insult to him and to them;

whilst the name of Dolsen on the river Thames requires no panegyric from the author of the life of the Hon. Thomas Talbot. May they further prosper in wealth, health and prosperity, is our sincere wish.

**McKEOUGH'S**.—Hardware of every description of European and American manufacture, embracing stoves and hollow ware, mill saws, tin ware of all kinds, comprising from an oil can to a half-pint measure; cradles, and all other necessities required by the farming community and the country generally; scales, steel-yards, &c. Visit the McKeough's beautiful establishment, and judge for yourselves.

**CHARTERIS & ROSS**, in the general hardware, grocery, and dry goods line, is unsurpassed in the County of Kent; whilst A. Charteris, Esq., as Agent to the Gore District Bank, reflects credit on himself and the Directors of the establishment.

Whilst we are speaking of Banking business, we might as well advert to Geo. Thomas, Esq., of the Bank of Upper Canada, at Chatham, who for philanthropy and the charity and humanity characteristic of a Christian, and a man, is not surpassed by any other acquaintance on the continent of America.

**CHARTERIS' MILL**.—This beautiful establishment, on McGregor's Creek, and within the corporation, is the property of Charles Charteris, Esq., Mayor of Chatham. It saws about 1,000,000 feet of lumber during the sawing season, comprising whitewood, walnut, oak, &c.

The power is 12 inches in diameter, and, if we do not mistake, 36 inches in stroke; and, taking it all and all, few Mills of this size can furnish a better

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material for home or foreign consumption.

**CHATHAM FOUNDRY.**—This establishment so long and so favorably known under the guidance of its enterprising proprietor, John McDowell, Esq., is a beautiful and extensive building on King street, where all manner of Machinery, and Castings of every description are made to order, and upon the shortest notice; comprising cooking, box and parlor stoves, &c., of the latest and most approved models, hollow ware of the newest pattern, as well as a general assortment of copper, tin and sheet iron, which can be obtained upon as reasonable terms as in any other section of Western Canada. Visit McDowell's Foundry, and behold the sample of a fine fellow, but a better sample of good "Homo factus ad unguem" merchandize.

**LIVERY STABLE.**—This magnificent building, the property of Israel Evans, Esq., contains some thirty elegant horses with carriages, buggies, sleighs and cutters to correspond. Like his revered parents, Mr. Evans is universally esteemed for his benevolence and sauvity of manners. He is driving an extensive business in his line, and very deservedly so, for a more worthy young man could scarce fill any department of civil life with more credit to himself and benefit to the public than our esteemed friend Israel Evans.

There are several excellent Taverns in Chatham, with a few saloons, well kept. The first in North Chatham is the beautiful brick building by Mr. Dugald McNaughton; then Mr. John McKerrall, adjacent to the old bridge; whilst Mr. Thomas Larke is as well patronized as any hotel in Chatham, because his house is magnificent, his table supplied with

all the dainties of the season, and Larke like McNaughton and McKerrall are the most warm-hearted-adopted Canadians in the Province; then comes the Royal Exchange, by Mr. Pritchard, the Chatham Arms, by Mrs. Shackleton, and the Albion Hotel, by Mr. Solomon Merrill, as well kept as any other tavern in the Western District.

We have several excellent Saloons; among a few of the many we can only recount those of Mr. John Degge, under the basement of the Eberts' splendid buildings. Mr. Degge is universally beloved, and driving a good business.

Mr. Alexander McPherson has also a splendid saloon within a door or two of the Bank of Upper Canada; and fewer or better fellows can be found than our honest Scotchman. Mr. McPherson is doing well, and well merits the patronage he receives.

Mr. John Russell has also a beautiful and tasty saloon under the basement of "Rankin's Building." He is a fine fellow, well patronized, and deserving of what he receives.

Mr. James Ross, opposite to the Market House, and in proximity with the general store of Mr. Thomas Degge, keeps a good saloon, and those who call upon him will be treated with kindness and hospitality.

Mr. James S. Donevan, who keeps the Farmers' saloon, is doing a good business, and he well merits it, as a better or finer Irishman can't be culled out of Kent. Donevan's saloon is opposite the Provision, Grocery and general store of T. Degge.

**NORTH CHATHAM.**—The splendid Tannery of John Smith, Esq., does a thriving business of some \$30,000 a year, in the manufacture of Leather; whilst his gen-

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eral Saddlery and Harness establishment under the prince of mechanics our friend Mr. Eaton, must exceed some \$10,000.

Politically and socially we have reason to be grateful to Mr. Smith, and shall never forget his kindness.

**THE REGISTRAR.**—It was a blessing that no knave got the appointment for Kent, otherwise many honest farmers would have been caught in a trap of villainous spring. My worthy friend has kept his office under the best of security, because George Williams, Barrister, is the son of the worthy old judge, and one who has not despised his family or country.

The Dry Goods and general fancy establishment of Messrs. Stone & Turnbull cannot be surpassed by any other establishment west of Montreal. Their Clothing department is on the most magnificent scale, whilst all their other goods cannot be surpassed in taste and beauty. In fact, Stone & Turnbull can do as fine a fit out as any in the Province; and then their Dry and Fancy Goods can be purchased as cheap as any in the Province.

**THE PRESS.**—There are two Journals in Chatham, and both ably conducted. The *Kent Advertiser* has an extensive circulation, and its liberal principles and well got up sheet well merits its well earned patronage; whilst its Foreman, Mr. Charles F. Jubenville, is perhaps one of the best Printers in Western Canada.

The *Planet*, on the opposition, is doing a good business, and is deserving of the support it receives.

### Florence, Co. Kent,

On the river Sydenham, contains a population of some 600 inhabitants, and is situated in one of the best and most fertile sections of the County of Kent. Its situation is picturesque and beautiful, and

will well repay the traveler for a visit. Messrs. Knapp & Kerby have a magnificent saw mill, which turns out 1,000,000 feet of lumber during the season, namely, whitewood, ash, black walnut, cherry, etc.; and attached thereto is a splendid dry goods, grocery, and hardware store. There are also 5 other respectable country stores; two Physicians, one of them Dr. Morris, known for his talent and benevolence, and sheds an additional lustre on his country and profession; a post office, kept by the worthy old 'Squire Geo. P. Kerby, two other Magistrates, namely, Edwin Kerby, Esq.; of the firm of Knapp & Kerby, who with Joseph Mills, Esq., J. P. and Coroner, reflect credit on themselves and the Government who appointed them to the arduous and responsible situations. There are also three churches; the Episcopal, under the guidance of the Rev. John Gunne, a gentleman and a scholar of high literary attainments; whilst the Presbyterian and Methodist clergymen are well respected by their respective congregations.

Florence, formerly Victoris, has three blacksmith shops, 3 shoe shops, 1 wagon maker's shop, 1 tannery, 2 tailor shops, 1 saddler shop, with other mechanical branches of business unnecessary to mention in these pages. This beautiful village is situated on the boundaries of Kent and Lambton, and the adjacent country cannot be surpassed by any other section of Upper Canada.

### Tecumseh, C. W.

There are few of my readers who are not acquainted with the biography of the famous Indian warrior, Tecumseh, the third son of one birth, by one woman, domesticated with the Shawanoes in 1770. Elskinatawa, the Prophet, was one of the



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trio, whilst Ollivachey lived and died unnoticed.

Tecumseh fell on the banks of the Thames, on the 5th of October, 1813, fighting like a hero against General Harrison on the part of the Americans, whilst supporting the pusillanimous "Granny Proctor, on the part of the British.

The gifted brave, who sheds a halo of renown around the English arms, fell here; some say by Colonel Johnson, Vice President of the United States, and that near the Moravian town. However, Tecumseh, as he was, is one of the noblest specimens in the category of Indian biography,—gifted, brave, eloquent, crafty, and withal honorable. Had Tecumseh but received the blessings so lavishly bestowed on some white men and women, he would adorn society as a politician, a soldier, and shed an additional lustre on "God's handiwork."

This village was laid out by David Sherman, Esq., near the site of battle ground, and in immediate proximity to the Great Western Railroad, and has so much increased in the space of one year, that its inhabitants number some 350 or 400 souls; because like his worthy relative, the late estimable Nathan Cornwall, M. P. F., he is ever ready to assist an emigrant or stranger.

A splendid station of the Great Western Railroad is located on Squire Sherman's property, and situated in the centre village; and then its healthful and picturesque locality cannot be surpassed by any other section of Western Canada. Tecumseh can boast of three well filled country stores; one owned by Mr. Cummings, who also keeps the post office in a very upright manner; another by Mr. Joshua Cornwall, and third by Mr. James Duncan.

Tecumseh has also two good hotels, and one saloon, all well kept and in the best of order. The Western hotel, by Mr. Wm. Watts, is by far the largest and most spacious in that vicinity, and is well patronized; its accommodations are excellent, whilst Watts, his wife and assistants leave nothing undone to make their guests happy and comfortable; and, as we can bear testimony, at very moderate charges. There is also an excellent boot and shoe shop in the village, with a blacksmith and wagon shop, by Mr. Robert Bedford, carpenters and joiners shops, weavers and tailors, and daily adding to their numbers; as Mr Sherman, at his last sale, sold lots to the value of \$12,000.

A beautiful grist and saw mill is also in a state of completion by Mr. Sherman; and a bridge is contemplated, and no doubt will be speedily erected over the Thames, and in the immediate neighborhood of Tecumseh. Under all such favorable circumstances this rising village situated in the heart of one of the most fertile and thickly settled portions of Upper Canada, offers unparalleled advantages to capitalists, mechanics and manufacturers in their several departments.

"Come to Tecumseh, from mountain and hall;  
Come to Tecumseh, we'll welcome you all."

### Conclusion.

As we are about taking leave of the late Colonel Talbot, and the immense section of country which he was mainly instrumental in settling, it may not be amiss to take a view of the vista that lies before us; and in so doing, who can be so lost in hope and high expectations as not to behold in the bright present, the glorious future of Canada's commercial, agricultural and political importance? Certainly, if Washington Irving would but cast Rip

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Van Winkle once more into the embrace of Morpheus, and wake him in 1856, the contented pipe-smoking Dutchman would be more astonished to observe the changes that have recently taken place in Canada, than those of New York during the Revolutionary war, when aroused from his seven years' nap, and beholding the profile of George the Third on the sign post of Boniface replaced by George Washington, the father of his country. Instead of pathless woods he would find macadamized facilities for traveling through all parts of the Province; instead of cackboats on our lakes, he would awaken to the sight of magnificent steamers and superb ships and schooners; in place of the axe-made cutter he would behold the Iron-horse, and instead of interminable forests, he would be charmed in beholding elegant farms and mansions, orchards and gardens that are capable of awakening the admiration of the inhabitants of any country in Europe. In fact, to what point soever he might turn himself, he would be compelled to exclaim, "It is good to be here;" for the finger of Omnipotence has directed the energy of the people, and their course is onward—onward still.

All the powerful and stupendous kingdoms of antiquity are blotted off the map of nations, or have dwindled into insignificance. Egypt of the pyramids, the cradle of learning and of genius, whose monarch Sesostris was drawn in his chariot by captive kings, is now a vassal of even the degraded Mussulman. Where is Carthage, the mistress of the sea, and the haughty rival of imperial Rome? Alas! gone glimmering thro' the dreams of things that were, and naught to tell its former greatness, but that travelers are pointed to the site of its ruins and desola-

tion. Where departed is the fame and glory of Queen Semiramis, and her incomparable Babylon? Where is the greatness and power of the Assyrian, the Roman and Persian monarchies fled to? Or could the destiny of nations alter the fiat of the Medes and Persians whose laws were irrevocable? Whilst the spot where Troy once stood is almost unknown to the present generation; and the noble deeds of Agamemnon, Ulysses, Achilles and Hector would be forgotten if it were not for the blind ballad singer, whose sublime heroics are more lasting than the warriors he celebrates, or the mighty empires he perpetuates through his everlasting Illiad and Olysesy.

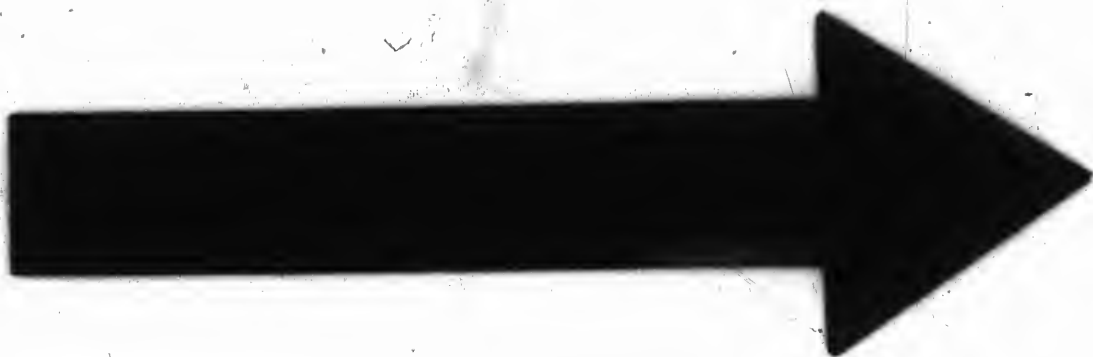
"Seven cities contend for Homer dead,  
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread."

Since the downfall of the olden nations of antiquity, France and England, and more recently Austria, have taken their place in the science of war and peace; and, strange as it may appear, their quarrels have always embroiled their more defenceless neighbors, and tended to their own greatness. The United States of America descended from scions of the old atock of Celtic and Saxon origin, though scarcely arrived at the age allotted to man, is a mighty republic, crowding all canvas in following in the wake of these two model nations in commerce, manufactures, and the arts and sciences; whilst Russia, which was in a state of barbarism till the reign of Peter the Great, little more than a century ago, now stands alone opposed to the greatest nations of ancient or modern times; and in such a position as to defy the most penetrating judgment to determine the issue of a disastrous war that is draining the wealth of our nation, and leaving our fair fields un-

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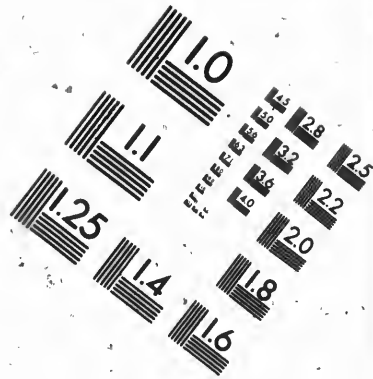
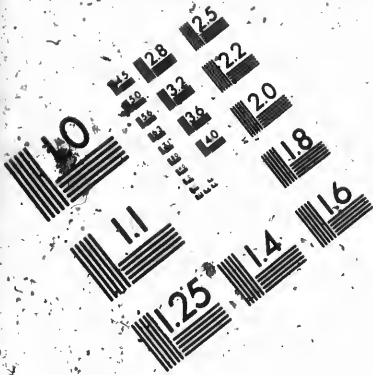
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tilled to fatten the soil of the Muscovite. Russia, in all human probability, will be made to kiss the dust saturated with the blood of our countrymen; but yet will she be able to meet the necessary requirements of peace, grounded upon the supposition of being conquered! "*Hic labor, hoc opus est.*" The termination of the present war may be but the harbinger of a more protracted and disastrous strife; for as sure as that the sun will rise in the east to-morrow, so sure will there be war to the knife for the spoils of the proud infidel; when Constantinople will return to the faith of its illustrious patron, and the vials of the wrath of God poured out on Mahometanism. At the end of every 2,000 years since the creation of the world some extraordinary event has taken place; and from thence may it not reasonably be inferred, and with some show of plausibility, that we may at the present time be on the eve of another mighty revolution, unknown to all save ONE who can glance through eernity itself at a thought. Canada, amidst all the difficulties that beset Europe, enjoys the most profound peace, with all the commercial advantages arising from a war between Russia and the Western Powers.—She commands the highest prices for all the productions of her soil; whilst her manufacturers and artizans meet with all the success to which enterprise and industry entitle them; and, though enjoying all these privileges, still the improvement of the Province advances, as if the mother country reposed in the greatest security. How long this state of things may continue, is difficult of solution; time, the touch-stone of futurity, alone can determine. One thing, however, is certain; that amid all the uncertainty of the rise and fall of empires, that Canada, though in her infancy, is entrenched by greatness, which, when fully developed, will place her foremost among the nations of the Western Hemisphere; and, in the plenitude of time not inferior to any recorded on the pages of ancient or modern history. Oh, charming idea! let us indulge the thought nearest our heart; whilst we bid our kind readers FAREWELL!

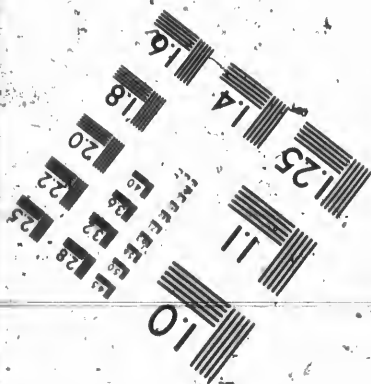
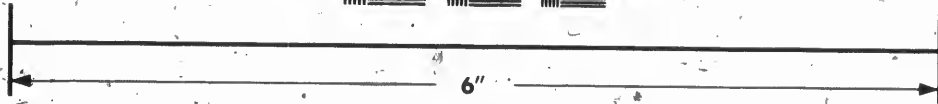
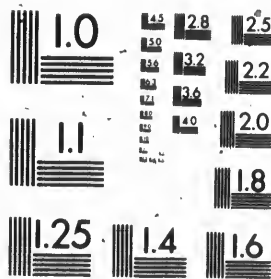








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## ADVERTISEMENTS!

### Roe & Brothers, GEN'L MERCHANTS,

"METCALFE BUILDINGS,"

Talbot Street East, St. Thomas, C. W.

#### DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

The subscribers beg to inform the public that they keep constantly on hand a general stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, imported direct from the British and French markets, which they sell at the lowest Toronto and Hamilton prices.

#### GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

Fresh Family Groceries of all kinds kept constantly in stock; also Wines, Liquors, Crockery, &c., all of finest quality, at lowest possible prices.

#### HARDWARE DEPARTMENT.

A large and well assorted stock of British and American Shelf and Heavy Hardware, bar iron, steel, cut and wrought nails, &c.; also all kinds of blacksmith tools, &c.

Cash paid for wheat at highest market price.

ROE & BROTHERS.

### "Weekly Dispatch,"

Published in St. Thomas, C. W., by

### BURKE & TRAVERS.

This Journal is now in its 4th volume, and being the only newspaper that has ever sustained itself in this place for such a length of time, the inhabitants generally of the County of Elgin are showing, by their generous support, that they are determined to give it all the encouragement they possibly can, of which ample proof can be seen by reference to our subscription book. We number now about 900 subscribers, nearly all of whom are respectable inhabitants of our flourishing County of Elgin. The low price of the "Dispatch" enables every one to become its supporter. The following are our terms:—Seven shillings and six pence per annum, if paid in advance; if not paid in advance, Ten shillings will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

#### Terms of Advertising.

Ten lines and under, three insertions, 7s 6d;

over ten lines, 4d per line for the first insertion, and 1d per line for each continued insertion. Advertisements in rule and figure work will be charged one-half more than the above rates. Advertisements, when not accompanied with written orders to the contrary, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

A liberal discount made to parties advertising by the year.

#### The Job Office

Being lately renovated, and in great variety, we are prepared to execute every description of Plain and Ornamental Printing, in colors, bronze, &c., such as posters, lawyer's blanks, circulars, receipt books, pamphlets, business cards, &c., and as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other office in Western Canada.

#### List of Prizes.

The following are the prizes offered to our friends for getting subscribers to the "Dispatch," which will be distributed by the 1st of January, 1857. Friends of the paper can send us the names as they receive them, together with the money, (should they receive any), through the post office, at our risk and expense, for which we will give them credit:

- 1st Prize, for the largest number of good subscribers, Twenty Dollar Gold Piece.
  - 2nd Prize, second largest number of good subscribers, Silver Snuff Box.
  - 3rd Prize, third largest number of good subscribers, A Portrait of Queen Victoria.
  - 4th Prize, fourth largest number of good subscribers, Map of the Crimean War.
  - 5th Prize, fifth largest number of good subscribers, Any Magazine the party wishes for one year.
  - 6th Prize, any party furnishing us 8 good subscribers, The "Dispatch" for one year.
- It will be understood that the person who receives the 1st prize will be expected to furnish at least 75 subscribers.

Macpherson, Glasgow & Co.,

## FOUNDERS!

FINGAL, C. W.

STEAM Engines, Threshing Machines, Planing Machines, Mill Gearing, Iron and wood Lathes, Ploughs, Stoves, and all kinds of country castings.

DANIEL MACPHERSON,  
WILLIAM GLASGOW,  
MATTHIAS HOVEY

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**CHATHAM CLOTHING HALL, IRON FOUNDERS,**  
 King Street, Chatham.  
**Stone & Turnbull,**  
**MACHINISTS.**  
 VIENNA, C. W.

GENERAL



DEALERS IN

Staple and Fancy  
**DRY GOODS!**

READY-MADE-CLOTHING!

AND

**GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.**

SUCH AS

Shirts, Stocks,  
 Cravats, Gloves,  
 Hosiery, &c., &c.

their Custom Department,

**THEY KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND,**  
 a large and well selected Assortment of  
 Broad Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, which  
 they are prepared to Manufacture with neatness  
 and dispatch,

Always warranting to Fit & Please.

To their old Friends and Patrons, both in  
 Town and Country, they tender their grateful  
 acknowledgments for past favors, and solicit a  
 continuance of the same.

**ELGIN TANNERY.**

**WILLIAM LIPSEY, PROPRIETOR,**  
 DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF  
 Leather, Linings, &c.

Talbot Street, St. Thomas, C. W.

**THE SUBSCRIBERS, GRATEFUL TO A**  
 liberal public for the extensive patronage  
 they have received, since their commencement  
 in business at this Village, beg to assure their  
 old customers, and the Inhabitants of the adja-  
 cent counties generally, that they have recently  
 entered into new and more extensive arrange-  
 ments, in order to be able to manufacture with  
 greater dispatch and durability,

**Every Description of Machinery**

AND

**Hollow Ware!**

Embracing Castings for Carriages, Wagons,  
 Thimble Arms, Ploughs, Stoves, Sugar Kettles,  
 Engines repaired or made to order, Hollow  
 Ware of every description, Mill Gearing, Plan-  
 ing Machines, Iron and Wood Lathes, and in  
 fact, every article in their line required by Mill  
 Owners, Farmers and Mechanics, and as at

**Reasonable Prices**

As they can be purchased elsewhere.

The men composing the above Firm are prac-  
 tical Machinists, and every department of their  
 Establishment is carried on under their own

**Immediate Inspection,**

So that their Friends will have a still more  
 stronger warrant for the quality of every arti-  
 cle coming from their Foundry, and not to be  
 excelled by any other in this section of Western  
 Canada.

Vienna, August, 1857.

**St. Thomas Brewery,**

**Richard Luke, Proprietor.**

**MANUFACTURER OF ALE, BEER, &c.,**  
 and Dealer in Hops, Barley, and Malt.

St. Thomas, C. W. Nov. 1857.

**A. J. Allworth,**

**Auctioneer & Comm'n. Merchant,**

Accountant, Conveyancer, and General

**LAND AGENT,**

Saint Thomas, C. W.

Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, &c. drawn up. Mer-  
 chants and others' Books written up.

**CHARGES MODERATE.**

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St. Thomas  
**FOUNDRY!**

JOHN SELLS, PROPRIETOR.

THE PROPRIETOR, WHILE THANKING his numerous Customers, and the public generally, for past support, solicits a continuance of their Custom at the Foundry Stand, Angle of William and Centre Streets.

Steam Engines, Machinery

AND

**MILL GEARINGS**

Parties requiring New Engines, Machinery, or Gearing, or wishing to have their old repair'd, are, before going elsewhere, invited to the

ST. THOMAS FOUNDRY,

To learn Prices and Terms, which the Subscriber is satisfied he can make satisfactory to them. All orders will be promptly and neatly executed, and substantially made from the First Quality of Scotch Iron, Gartshore No. 1 make.

Stoves & Ploughs!

**FARMERS**

And others in want of Stoves or Ploughs, are respectfully invited to the St. Thomas Foundry, to inspect the stock on hand, and Price it; they will find a variety of Cooking and Parlor Stoves, also a good assortment of Ploughs and other Castings in general use, cheaper than ever, for Cash or Farm Produce, and at least 25 per cent Cheaper than the Stoves, Ploughs, and Iron Ware peddled over the County.

**TIN-WARE!**

The Proprietor has a large assortment of Pails, Pans, and other Tinware in his Shop, which he is selling at reduced Prices for Ready Pay or Farm Produce. Six first rate good WOOD LATHES on Hand and for sale Cheap.

As the Mechanics employed in the several departments are First Class Workmen, and as the subscriber purchases his Iron, &c., in the Cheapest Markets, on the best terms, and conducts his business personally, which his experience in St. Thomas for the last twelve years in the Trade, enables him to do with every economy, he is in a position to sell—and will sell—at a lower advance than any similar establishment in the County.

Please Call and Judge for Yourselves.

J. & W. McKeough,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS  
in English, German and

**American Hardware,**

Cook, Parlor and Fancy

**STOVES,**

Iron, Nails, Glass, &c., &c.

Also, Manufacturers of Copper and Sheet Iron, Plain and Jappanned Tin Ware. Chatham, Canada West.

**M. ANDERSON & Co.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

STOVES, PLOUGHS, TIN-WARE,

And all kinds of

**Agricultural Implements !!**

GLOBE FOUNDRY,

London, C. W.

**W. C. Vanbuskirk,**

**Surgeon & Physician,**

OFFICE:

Corner Talbot & William Streets.

Opposite the Store of Claris & Allworth.

St. Thomas, - - - Canada West.

**Samuel McBride,**

Worker in

**Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron,**

Ridout Street,

Opposite the Bank of Montreal, London, C. W.

N. B. All kinds of Job Work, and Repairs done on the Shortest Notice.

**JOHN FRASER,**

**AUCTIONEER,**

ST. THOMAS, C. W.

**REAL ESTATE MERCHANT! GOODS,**  
Personal Property, &c., &c., sold on Reasonable Terms.

The Printing of Bills of Sales attended to, and communications addressed to Messrs. McIntyre & Ross, or to the "Dispatch" Office, immediately attended to.

St. Thomas, Sept., 1857.



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**LAND,**  
Insurance and Commission Agency  
**OFFICE.**

THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO ACQUAINT the Inhabitants of the County of Elgin, and the surrounding country, that he has opened a

**Land Agency Office,**

IN ST. THOMAS,

Where parties wishing to sell, would do well to Register, without delay, with their prices and terms of payment, so that parties wishing to purchase may know all particulars.

**INSURANCE RISKS,**

Against Fire,

Taken at the Lowest Rates, in English and Provincial Companies.

All Goods sent on consignment shall be promptly attended to, and as there is no other Commission House in the place or neighborhood, the subscriber feels warranted in saying Quick Sales can be made!

Goods sent on consignment shall be sold at the consigned price, adding only the subscriber's commission for selling.

M. MCKENZIE.

St. Thomas, August, 1857.

**AUCTIONEERING!**

**A. S. McCALL,**

WOULD RESPECTFULLY INTIMATE to the Inhabitants of this Town and surrounding country, that he is prepared, as usual, to take orders for

**SALES IN TOWN OR COUNTRY,**

On the most Liberal Terms,

And that the strictest attention will be given by him to all sales entrusted to his charge.

Orders for sales from persons in town or country, will meet with every attention, and be punctually attended to, if A. S. McCall is from home, by calling at N. W. Bates' Job Printing Establishment, St. Thomas.

Parties at a distance, by forwarding a copy of their Auction Bills, through the Post Office, will have them printed and circulated, without delay, at a moderate charge.

A. S. McCOLL,

Auctioneer.

St. Thomas, Sept., 1857.

**D. DRAKE'S**



**LIVERY STABLES.**

Corner of

Centre & Stanley Streets,

Opposite the Town Hall, St. Thomas.

HORSES and Carriages can be had on short notice, with drivers, if requested. A Hearse furnished for Funerals, when required, at a Moderate Charge.  
August, 1857.

**Merchant Tailoring Establishment,**

In the Shop formerly occupied by R. Nelson, Watchmaker, St. Thomas, C. W.

**J. E. CRUISE,**

WOULD respectfully intimate to his customers, and the public generally, that he has removed his shop to the above premises, and is now prepared with a Fashionable Assortment of Fall and Winter Cloths, Vestings, &c., to fill orders in his line in a superior style of Workmanship. Those wishing to purchase, will do well to call and examine his Stock and Fashions, as he is fully prepared to compete with any Establishment in Canada with regard to fit, workmanship, and Price!  
A CALL is respectfully solicited.

J. E. CRUISE.

St. Thomas, Sept., 1857.

**VICTORIA BUILDINGS,**

Talbot Street, St. Thomas, C. W.

**White & Mitchell,**

WITH grateful acknowledgments for liberal and increasing patronage, respectfully intimate to their Friends, and the Public generally that their Spring Stock is now complete, and will be found to comprise every variety adapted for Ladies' costume and Family use.

Their Importations have been selected with particular regard to

**Fashion, Quality and Price,**

and cannot be surpassed.

Conscious of the impossibility of stating in an Advertisement, all the claims their Stock possesses to public attention, W. & M. earnestly request the favor of inspection by intending purchasers, feeling assured of being able to meet their wishes in those very essential requisites of Economy, Price and Style.

St. Thomas, Sept., 1857.

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## ERRATA.

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Several changes have taken place in the social and political world, since this little work was written, and the seeming inaccuracies, which were all well enough a couple of years since, will be winked at by the indulgent reader.

We beg to inform our readers that, the 2nd Edition of our Life of Col. Talbot, will appear in a short time, enlarged, and otherwise improved in appearance, &c., &c. And stripped of those inaccuracies which have crept into the work, caused by the time it was written, and the time of its publication.

The Author is grateful to the following gentleman who have so generously stepped forward to aid him in his present humble circumstances; all of whom should have been noticed in the present work, but could not on account of the sickness of himself:

A. Knapp; S. Knapp; David Sherman; Wm. Cosgrave; Geo. Thomas, Banker; Otis Ingalls; James Smith, Warden; J. Smith; J. & W. McKeough; Rev. A. McColl; Alex. Charteris; John Mercer, Sheriff; Walter McCrea, Barrister; Mayor Charteris; T. A. McLean, Dr. Barr; Dr. Rolls; Rev. Mr. King; Edwin Larwill, M. P. P.; R. S. Woods, Esquires. We also regret, owing to circumstances already mentioned that we have not adverted to the popularity and impartial conduct of Judge Wells, than whom, a more gentlemanly man does not fill the Bench in any other County in Western Canada.

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Cannot be Excelled by any Establishment in Canada West.

Manufacturers, and Business Men generally, in want of

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Are most respectfully solicited to leave their Orders at our Establishment, and we will guarantee their entire satisfaction.

Calendars neatly and beautifully Printed in Colors, with Plain or Chromotyped Borders; Business and Address Cards PROMPTLY EXECUTED in Good Style.

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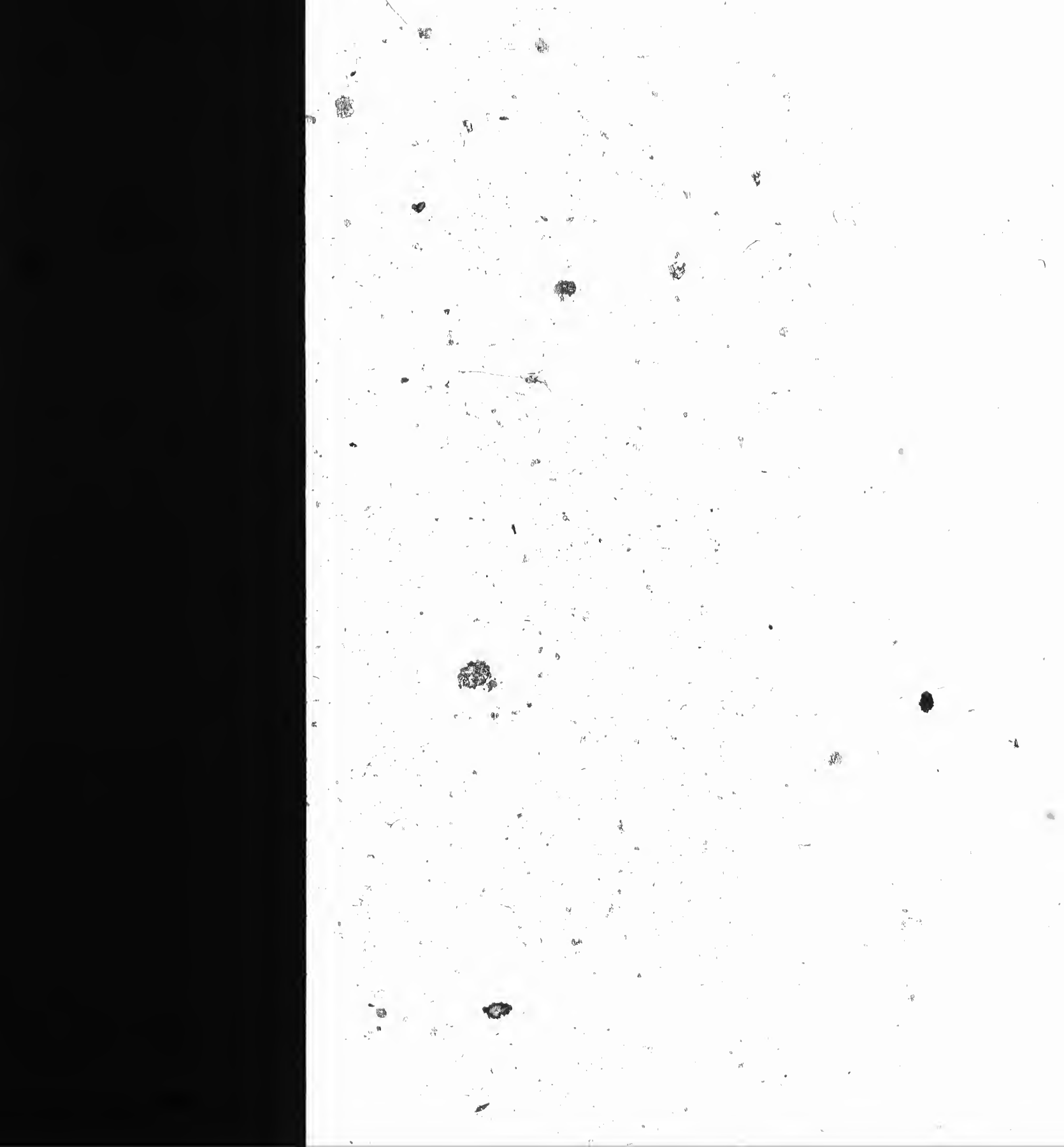
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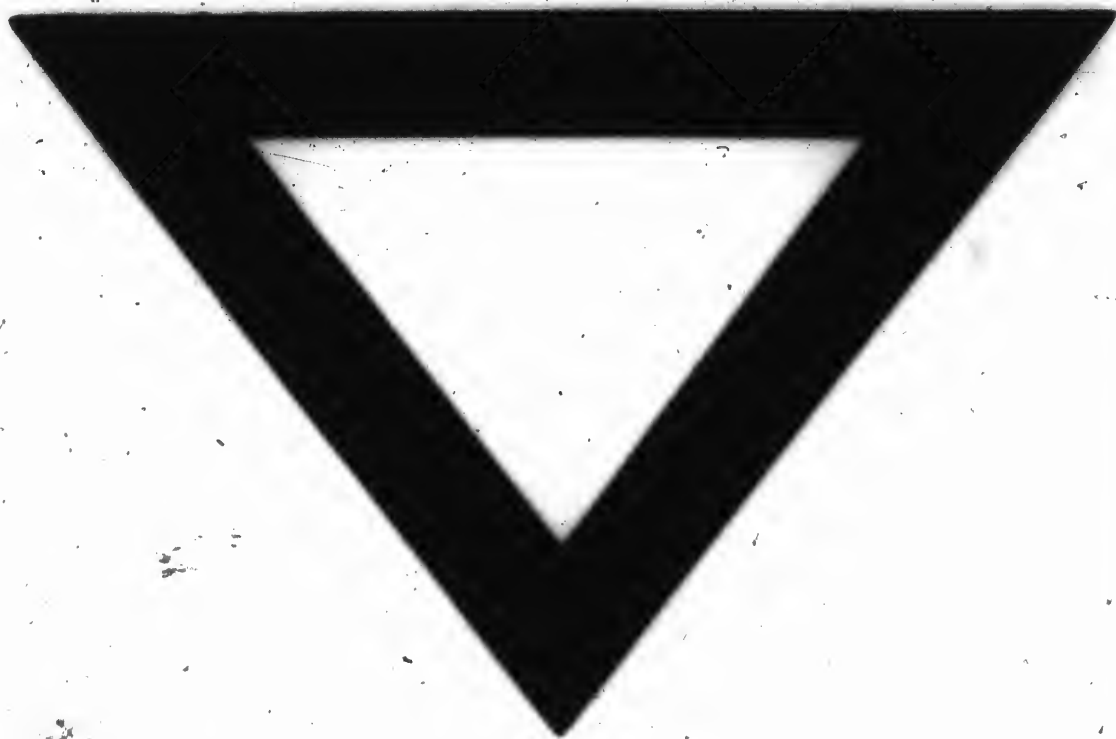
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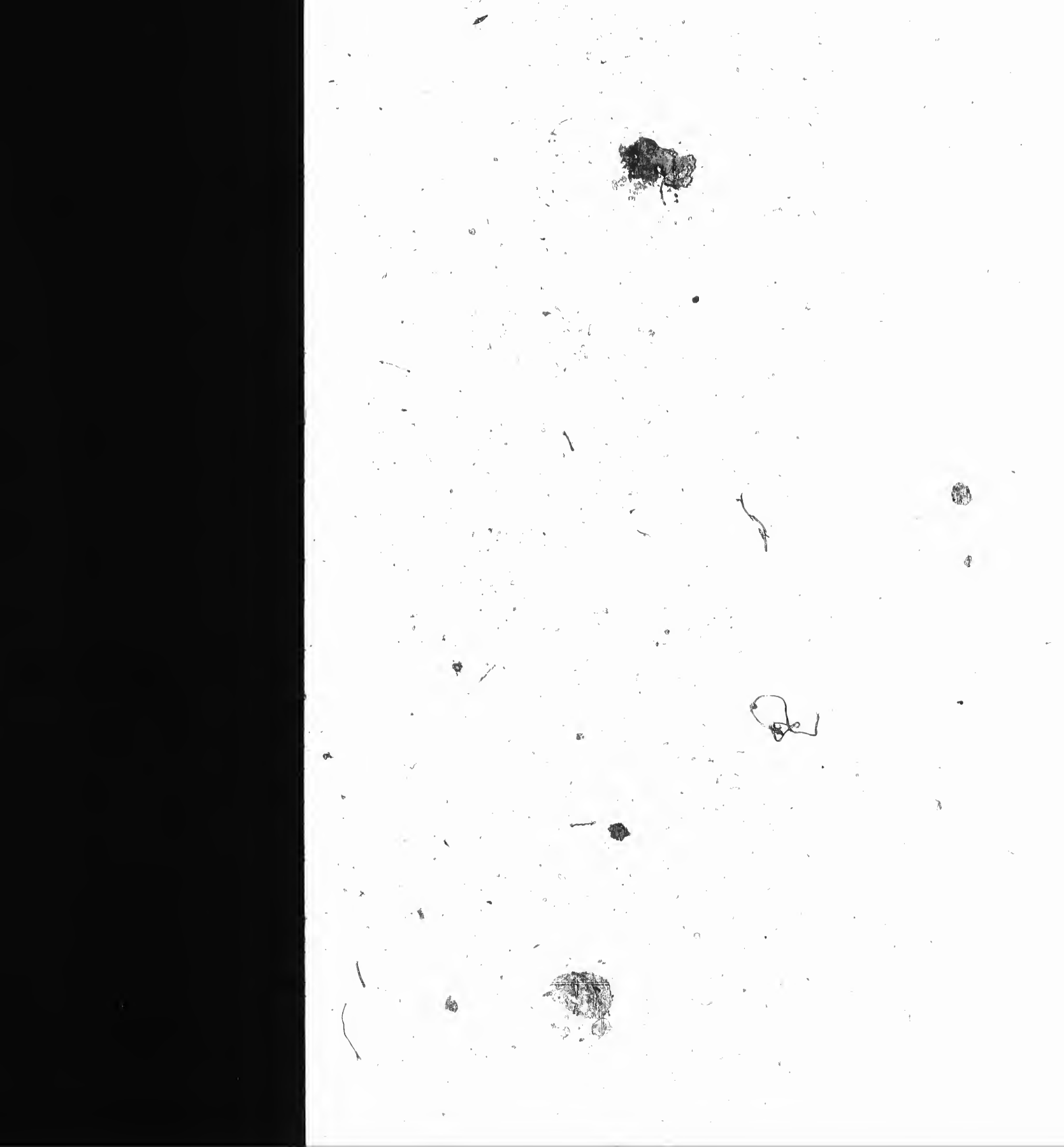
**CHARLES F. JUBENVILLE, Manager.**

Chatham, September, 1857.











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